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ALL SORTS OF DIALOGUES



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ALL SORTS OF DIALOGUES

A Collection of Dialogues for Young People

With Additional Stage Directions by Compiler

Compiled from well-known Authors by

CLARA J. DENTON

AUTHOR OF

"WHEN THE LESSONS ARE OVER," "FROM TOTS TO TEENS."

CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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EXPLANATION OF TERMS, ABBREVIATIONS, ETC.

When characters are "discovered," they are on the stage when the curtain rises.

"Business" is a word used to designate any sort of stage action.

"Goes up," goes to rear of stage.

"Comes down," comes toward front of stage.

"Crosses over," goes to opposite side.

"Exeunt," more than one goes out.

"Exeunt omnes," all the characters on the stage go out.

"L. F.," left front, that is at the left of the front part of the stage.

"R. F.," right front.

"R.," right.

"L.," left.

"F. C.," front center, that is, at the front of the stage in the center.

"C.," in the center of the stage.

"Back," at the rear of the stage.

"B. C.," back center.

"D.," door.

"D. C.," door in center.

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* Dialogues marked thus need *supernumeraries*, that is, persons without lines to appear as waiters, soldiers, policemen, etc.

ALL SORTS OF DIALOGUES.

MY SISTER'S HUSBAND.

By Emma E. Brewster.

A PARLOR THEATRICAL IN TWO ACTS.

(From Demorest's Family Magazine.)

CHARACTERS.

AUNT MARY, LORETTA COLSON,
BERTHA COLSON, PROF. THEOPHILUS THEOREM,
JIMMY COLSON, JOHN, A SERVANT.

COSTUMES.

Ordinary costumes are worn, as neat and tasteful as fancy dictates, and in the first act BERTHA must wear a coquettish hat. In the last act the PROFESSOR wears a gray beard and wig, and BERTHA wears a calico dress, hair combed straight back, face powdered to look pale. LORETTA must, of course, wear a different dress in the second act, as five years are supposed to elapse between the two acts. This fact could be well brought out by the wearing of dresses of a somewhat old fashion in the first act, substituting those *a la mode* in the second act. AUNT MARY'S hair must be powdered.

PROPERTIES.

Large book, plainly bound; partially knit stocking, with needles in proper places; bunch of green grasses of various kinds; bottles and tin specimen cases, enough to fill several pockets; writing tablet and pencil; work basket full of sewing; a large toy snake; bottles with pickled toads or other reptiles, as many as can conveniently be obtained; thermometer; an immense lizard, made of cambric and stuffed. large circles of white cloth sewed on for eyes, red flannel tongue (the more hideous and grotesque this can be made the better); papers and letters from postoffice.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Ordinary sitting-room or parlor; two chairs *L. F.*; chair and low ottoman *C.*

Enter LORETTA *R, holding open book.*

LORETTA (*studying aloud*). "Mammals, as regards brain, are divided into four classes, namely: Ly-cencephala, or loose-brained; Lis-sen-cephala, or smooth-brained; Gy-ren-ceph-a-la, or wound-brained; Ach-en-ceph-ala, or ruling-brained." (*Closes book.*) Oh, I think I must belong to the wound-brained class. My poor head is all one tangle. But Theophilus, dear Theophilus, he indeed possesses an Achencephala, a ruling brain. Oh, if I were but learned enough to be worthy of becoming his wife! *His wife!* Ah me! How dare I think of it? Bertha, that Lycencephala, that loose-brained Bertha, possesses more attractions for him than I, with all my studious habits. But I am wasting precious time. (*Reopens book.*) "The orders of the Lycencephala are, first, Mon-o-tremata; example, Or-nith-o-rhyn-chus, or duck-billed Platypus; second, Mar-su-pi-lata; examples, Opussum and Kangaroo."

Enter AUNT MARY *R., carries roll of knitting work. Sits in chair L. F. after her question to* LORETTA.)

AUNT MARY (*coming down*). What are you reading, Loretta?

LORETTA (*going close to her and shouting in her ear*). I am studying.

A. M. Yes. Well, what have you learned?

L. (*shouting*). That a cow is an Ungulata, having a Gyrencephala, or wound-brain (L. *sits at L. F. and opens book*).

A. M. Gracious! Our cow? Well, have you found out what will cure her? (L. *shakes her head.*) Has your father tried a red herring? (L. *shakes her head again, but keeps her eyes on the book through all of* A. M.'s *talk.*) Salt codfish is good; castor oil, though, will cure almost anything. Now my pa had a red cow he bought of old Zenas Ford (*lays down knitting work*). I think it was the cow that he bought of Zenie Ford. I don't know, though, as 'twas that

cow. Seems as if it was the black one he bought of Uncle Phin. Baxter traded a barrel of high-top cider for her. I remember the cider, for ma wanted to boil it down to make molasses, and when that cow died, after all they did for her, I remember just what ma said.

L. (*looking up from book*). So the cow died?

A. M. (*beginning to knit again*). What did you say?

L. (*shouting*). Did the cow die?

A. M. Of course she did. Pa had got ma's whole bottle of castor oil down her, too. And ma said he had better *cast her oil* upon the waters, for then he might have found it after many days. And now he had lost a bottle of castor oil, and the cow, and a barrel of his best high-top cider into the bargain. I remember the cider so well, so that must have been the cow.

L. (*closing her book*). Aunt Mary, were you ever in love?

A. M. Where?

L. (*shouting*). In love, Aunt Mary, in love. With a man whose affections were already engaged upon a far more unworthy object than yourself?

A. M. Yes, yes, I understand about the *shelf*. But what did you say before that?

L. (*turns away and groans*), Oh, if he *should* marry my sister Bertha, I should die, I know I should. Ah, my poor, poor heart! Could it ever endure such pain? To "suffer still and still live on." (*Puts handkerchief to her eyes.*)

A. M. What is the matter with you, Loretta? Where do you ache? What! you are not crying about that cow? (*Lays down knitting.*) Why it won't break your pa if she does die.

L. (*speaking loud but very rapidly*). It is a mistake, Aunt Mary. You don't understand. Nothing ails the cow. But to see a great and noble soul — one of the kings of the earth — throw itself away upon an

unappreciative mind! A mind which looks upon it as a child upon a golden guinea, pleased with its glitter, unaware of its intrinsic worth.

A. M. (*taking up knitting*). I don't understand a word you are saying.

L. (*screaming close to her ear*). Do-you-think-Prof.-Theorem-is-in-love-with—Bertha?

A. M. No. Bertha isn't a toad, is she? Nor a lizard, nor a bat? If she was he might be in love with her. But as she is only a pretty girl with pink cheeks, I don't suppose he can be.

L. I don't think Bertha is particularly pretty.

A. M. What did you say?

L. Don't you think learning is more attractive to the truly wise than mere personal beauty?

A. M. Oh, yes. Putty'll do; but if you want it to last long, take white of an egg and quick-lime. That sets right off, and will make anything stick.

(*Enter* JIMMIE *L., laughing.*)

JIMMIE. Crackee! I wonder if that's what Bertha uses.

L. (*sternly*). What do you mean, Jimmie?

J. (*holding his sides*). No disrespect to the old fellow, but, oh, geewhitaker! (*Laughs heartily.*) 'Twould make you laugh if you was as mad as a hornpout.

L. (*sternly*). Jimmie, I am ashamed of you. Stop using such vulgar expressions and tell me what you are laughing about.

J. (*laughing and comes down*). Oh, if you could only have seen it. But I'll try to tell you about it. The Professor had undertaken to convey me out on a natural history excursion, with his pockets full of bottles to preserve spiders and snails in. Well, we hadn't got fairly started, and he was just beginning a learned lecture on toadstools, when he caught sight of Bertha coming down the garden, with a basket to pick peas, and the way he put off up that lane was a caution! (*Laughs again.*) Just imagine the figure he cut. The

bottles in his coat pockets banging his legs at every jump, swinging a gingerbread toadstool and his specs in one hand, and hanging onto his scratch with the other.

L. Scratch? How can you talk so; he doesn't wear a scratch; 'tis his own beautiful nut-brown hair.

J. Whew! If that is what you call nut-brown, I'm glad my girl's hair is red. I used to think I'd like a maid with nut-brown hair. It sounds nice in stories, doesn't it? Much better than it looks in real life.

L. (*coldly*). Tastes differ.

A. M. What are you talking about?

L. (*loudly*). Jimmy says that Theoph — O — O — Prof. Theorem wears a scratch.

A. M. How did he get it? Is it very bad? I never heard of a man making so much fuss over a scratch! If he'd rub it with vinegar he'd be all over it in a minute. Such a fool as that Professor is!

J. (*coming close to* A. M.). Go on, Aunt Mary. Suits my opinion to a T. Wish you could make father see it. Then he'd send the fellow off, perhaps, and I shouldn't have to take any more private lessons.

L. Indeed, how would you ever get to college then? Prof. Theorem knows more than you and Aunt Mary both together, and more than you ever *will* know.

J. What! Both rolled together and boiled down? Did you hear that, Aunt Mary? (*Shouts.*)

A. M. No, what was it?

J. (*shouting*). Loretta says that the Professor knows more than you and I put together.

A. M. What is it Loretta wants to put together? Won't egg and quick-lime do it?

J. (*shouting*). No, indeed! Egg and quick-lime ain't a circumstance to it. She requires the attraction of cohesion, I guess.

A. M. Now, Jimmy Colson, you are trying to make

fun of me. Your sister doesn't want to fasten a cart-wheel on. I know better than that. (*Tries to box his ears; he runs up.*)

J. (*looking off L.*). Sh! Here they come! Clear the track, the bullgine's coming. Now you'll see the persimmons. Oh (*pressing his hands on his sides*), kill me quick or let me die easy.

Enter BERTHA *L., carrying grasses, comes to C.* PROFESSOR *follows her; his pockets are full of bottles and tin "specimen cases."*

BERTHA. Oh, you don't know what pretty names the Professor has been telling me for these grasses. Did you know (*to* L. *and* J.) that grasses had names? And there are so many kinds. I didn't even know there was but one kind of grass before.

PROFESSOR. That sentence is slightly ungrammatical, Miss Bertha. Suppose you try to shape it better.

B. Why! I don't know, I'm sure, what I said. What was I talking about? Oh, this grass. Excuse me, Professor, I mean *these grasses.* This is — now you listen, Loretta, and see what a good lesson I've learnt.

P. Learned, Miss Bertha; that word ends in *ed.*

B. Oh, does it? Yes; well see what the Professor has learned me.

P. Taught you, Miss Bertha. It is impossible for anyone to *learn* you anything.

B. (*angrily*). Well, really. You are very complimentary.

P. You don't understand. I wish to explain the difference between the verb to teach and the verb to learn.

B. Well! Don't try to-day, please. You have learnt, learned, *taught* me so much that my head is like to split. Now you listen, Loretta and Jimmie (*holding up a piece of grass*), this is *poa, poa*—something that means to try to be more than you are.

P. *Poa pretensis* you are trying to think of, but that is not poa.

B. Well, then, *this* is *poa pretensis*, and this is agrower.

P. No, Miss Bertha, that is not poa, neither have you the other name right. Agrostis is what you are trying to speak of.

B. Yes, yes, that's it. Agrostis. I knew it was something about growing. Agrostis trifolium.

P. Stop a moment, Miss Bertha. *Trifolium?* Think again.

B. (*pettishly throwing away the grasses*). Pshaw! I don't care anything about it anyway. You bother me so I can't think of a thing. (*Exit R. offended.*)

P. (*looking after her dejectedly*). I fear that I have hurt her frelings.

J. You have. Broke 'em all to smash.

L. She is very quick-tempered; childishly so.

P. I think I had better go and apologize to her.

L. (*rising and coming toward him*). Oh, no.

J. (*sarcastically*). Oh, yes. Do now. Probably she's sulking off in her chamber.

L. No, she is not. Let her go, the silly goose! She is probably leaning on the gate, flirting with Ned Hastings. You needn't imagine that any of your lessons stay in her mind two minutes.

P. (*sighs*). Perhaps not. (*Sinks into chair C.*)

L. (*seats herself on ottoman at his feet, and produces tablet and pencil*). Professor, I have been writing a little sketch. Would you be so kind as to listen and criticise while I read it?

P. I am willing to listen to the reading, but I have so little idea of literary merit, or demerit, that my criticisms will not be of much value.

L. Oh, Professor! *All* your words have value to me.

J. (*aside*). What! Another performance on the tight-rope! Why, this is as good as a circus.

L. (*reads from tablet*). It is June, leafy June, of

which the poet sings. The air is sweet with the melody of the Macrulidæ (or thrushes). The *Turdus Migratorias* (commonly called robin redbreast) swinging aloft on the bending Elmus (or elm) makes the atmosphere vocal with harmonious utterances. Below, the Arum maculotum (Indian turnip) lifts its stately head, while the Lousewort (Dasystorna *pedicularia*) and purple foxglove (Digitalis purpurea) bow above the meadow brook. Enter with me yon shadowy woodland, where boughs of hazel (Coryhus Americanas), hornbeam (Carpinus) and ironwood (Ostrya Virginica) blend with the loftier and better-known Quercus castenea (or yellow oak). Let us seat ourselves upon the soft grass. I did not know what grass is most common in woods, so did not give the botanic name.

P. Ponicum clandestinum is the most common woods grass about here.

L. (*writing on tablet*). Thanks. Let us seat ourselves upon the soft Panicum clandestinum that covers the yielding sod, and look upon the beauties of nature.

J. (*very gravely as he comes down*). You ought to introduce a calix musca or two in there. Lulled by the sweet singing of the calix musca, *etc.*, *etc.*

L. (*writing*). Is that appropriate, Professor? Is calix musca appropriate to introduce there?

P. (*putting his hand over his face*). Oh, yes; very.

L. (*reads*). Lulled by the soft cadences of the calix musca singing in the boughs of the gloomy Pinus strobus, I let my thoughts wander through the past. Is that right, Professor?

P. Yes, very good. That was a good thought of yours, James.

J. (*demurely*). Thank you, sir. And, Sis, you ought to gather some fragrant Symplocarpus fœtidus.

L. (*writes*). Oh, yes. I gather a spray of the fragrant Symplocarpus fœtidus, and while inhaling its delicious odor—. What ought I to do then, Professor?

P. (*smiling*). I don't know exactly what you ought to do.

J. I'll tell you. Gaze on the fragile Tipula.

L. (*writes and then re-reads*). While inhaling the delicious odor of the Symplocarpus fœtidus I gaze on the fragile Tipula bending its slender stem above a tinkling brooklet.

J. (*bursts into uproarious laughter*). Good, good, good e-n-ough. (*He comes to* A. M.)

A. M. (*drops her knitting*). What in the world is the matter now?

J. (*screaming in her ear*). Loretta is going to gaze on a daddy-long-legs waving on its slender stem above a brooklet.

L. (*agitated*). A daddy-long-legs! What were the other things you made me put in? What were they, Professor? What is a calix musca?

P. (*rising hastily*). I think James had best explain his own jokes. (*Exit hurriedly L.*) (JIMMIE *stuffs his handkerchief in his mouth, and writhes in convulsions of silent laughter while* LORETTA *is speaking.*)

L. (*rising*). Jimmie, you have been making game of me, and the Professor helped you. Stop eating your handkerchief, and tell me at once, what is a calix musca?

J. (*speaking spasmodically*). A—mosquito—Loretta. But—they—do—sing. The Professor said—it was appropriate—very. (*Another fit of laughter.*)

L. The Professor! Oh, perfidy! Oh, cowardice! How could he have abetted your miserable jokes? Tell me what the Symplocarpus fœtidus is. Tell me at once. (*Goes to him.*)

J. (*moving toward R. exit as he speaks*). Well stand out of my way, then. (LORETTA *moves to C.*) Symplocarpus fœtidus is——*skunk's cabbage.* (*Runs out R.*)

L. Oh, cruel, cruel man! Oh, miserable, miserable me! And he, Theophilus, sat by and saw me made sport of.

A. M. Loretta Colson! What has happened now?

L. (*going to her*). Oh, Aunt Mary! You never knew the wretchedness of unrequited love, and the more bitter, burning agony of seeing yourself made sport of by the one you adore.

A. M. Oh, yes. I saw them go through the door. But what sent them all streaking off so I can't imagine. What have you been doing with the Professor, Loretta?

L. (*Walking about and gesticulating wildly*). What I have been doing with the Professor I dare not think; but henceforth I know that I must tear his image from my fond bosom, trample it under feet, and forget that such a man ever existed, save as my brother's private tutor. Oh, my idol! Can I, can I prove thine own iconoclast?

A. M. What are you going on so about, Loretta? I should think you was crazy.

L. (*in ordinary voice*). No, Aunt Mary, no. "I am not mad, but soon *may* be." For "to be wroth with one we love works like a madness on the brain." Listen to me. (*Goes toward* A. M., *then turns suddenly away and comes to F. C.*) No.

Wherefore should I show my pain?
Since the pain like all things goeth.
Why should I of grief complain?
Since the feeling *no one* knoweth?
Hearts may break, yet give no sigh,
Eyes may mourn, yet hide their sorrow,
As the world went yesterday
So will it go on to-morrow.

Ah, me! So will it go to-morrow. (*Exit R., one hand pressed against her left side, the other holding handkerchief to her eyes; she shakes with emotion.*)

A. M. (*who has been watching her*). Well, if that girl hasn't got the toothache I don't know what 'tis ails her, unless 'tis pains in her liver. She holds onto her sides so I am afraid she's got the liver complaint. I'll go and ask her father what he thinks about her. (*Exit R.*)

CURTAIN.

(*Between the first and second acts five years are supposed to elapse. This fact should be announced from the stage just before the curtain rises the second time, unless printed programs are provided, in which case the announcement should be embodied therein.*)

ACT II.

SCENE.—A room in PROF. THEOREM'S home. Large table at *C.*, on which are standing a large work-basket piled full of half completed garments; around this basket are arrayed bottles and jars containing pickled reptiles. Chairs in various places, one at *R.* of stage near pretended register; thermometer on wall just above it; a low sewing chair near table at *C.*

Enter LORETTA *R. wrapped in shawl.*

LORETTA. Ugh, how cold it is! (*Goes to register.*) The Professor keeps his house regulated by a thermometer and it is as cold as a barn. Colder than my father's barn ever was. (*Sits.*) How Bertha can live so I don't see. My! The register closed such a morning as this! I'll open it (*opens it*), and see if I can get a little warmth into my poor feet and hands. Not a drop of warm water goes into the bedrooms, and I have to wash in cold water this freezing weather, and dress with my fingers so numb I can hardly feel a button, just because the Professor thinks warm water unhealthy. Yes, and makes me sleep in woolen sheets, scratching all the skin off my chin, because flannel is healthy. And poor Bertha has borne this martyrdom for five years! No wonder she looks like a shadow.

Enter PROFESSOR *L., comes down while talking.*

PROFESSOR. Good morning, Loretta. How is the thermometer? (*Goes to it and examines.*) Positively the mercury is nearly three-fourths of a degree above summer heat. I detected an unhealthy atmosphere in the room the moment I entered it. Loretta, is that register open?

L. (*timidly*). Yes, sir; I just opened it a moment,

my feet are so cold. It's very unhealthy to keep one's feet cold.

P. (*firmly as he closes register*). You know I never permit the temperature of my house to rise above summer heat. If your feet are cold, take a brisk walk in this bracing air. There is a snapping white frost on the ground that will make your toes tingle. Will you go out with me?

L. No, not this morning, thank you. I have some sewing to do for the children.

P. You two women sit everlastingly over your needles, tucking, ruffling, scalloping, and making my children look like guys instead of leaving them as their Creator made them.

L. Why, Professor! You would not have them left so this weather, would you? You, yourself, do not go as your Creator made you, but as your tailor dressed you, which is much more respectable.

P. Oh, you can twist my words as you choose, but you know that Bertha spends an unconscionable amount of time over her sewing-work.

L. Yes, because you will not get her a sewing-machine.

P. A machine! A guillotine, why don't you say? I can demonstrate to you by statistics that twice as many women die daily in these United States at the present time as did an hundred years ago, before the introduction of the sewing machines.

L. And I can demonstrate to you without the aid of any statistics that *four times* as many *men* die daily on this continent at the present time as died in 1490, before Columbus discovered it. (*Exit* P. *hastily L.*) (*opening register again*). There! I'll get a little warmth into my bones while you are gone, you old dunderhead! How *could* I ever have admired him so? Why, I was really frantically in love with him. So much in love that I took to my bed immediately after my sister's marriage, and never expected to get up again. It was with a trembling heart that I

started to come to Bertha's after this lapse of five years. For although I believed that I had schooled myself to apparent indifference, I feared what might be the result of being so constantly with my hero. Heigho! the result is not alarming. There is nothing like living with a man in his own house to dispel any glamour which fancy may have shed around him. I would like to give this advice to every love-sick girl. Go visit a while at the house of your idol and see him at home. If that does not cure you, your case must be beyond remedy. It is fortunate for the men that they always go abroad to do their wooing. Well, now that I am thawed out I must go to work. (*Rises, advances to table, and takes sewing from basket. A large toy snake is thus revealed; must be so placed that it can be seen by the audience. She shrieks and drops on the floor in a limp heap.*)

Enter BERTHA *L., comes down hurriedly.*

BERTHA (*excitedly*). What in the world ails you, Loretta? What has happened?

L. Oh, Bertha, look in your work-basket. (BERTHA *goes to basket.*) That snake! (*Screams.*) Don't touch it. How do you suppose it got there?

B. Theo put it there, I suppose, to keep it warm. (*Covers it up.*) He is very careful of such things. Such an amusing thing happened before you came. Theo had been dredging a brook for lizards and things, and, it being so late in the season, he took cold. He breathed so badly in the night that I was troubled, and got up to find some medicine for him. Putting on my slippers in the dark, ugh! you can't imagine what a cold, slimy, squirming mass I thrust my toes into! I could not help screaming, although it awoke Theo, and I was so sorry. "My dear," said I, "there is something so horrid cold and wet in my slipper." "Oh," said he, "'tis some newts I put in there to keep warm. I hope you haven't hurt them." Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?

L. No, I don't think I ever did. But how can I get my work from under that dreadful snake?

B. Oh, you mustn't touch it until Theo comes. That's his step now. I know he's bringing some great curiosity by the sound of his foot.

Enter PROFESSOR *L., dragging the immense imitation lizard described under "Properties."* LORETTA *screams. He comes toward them. Brings lizard forward in full view of audience.*

PROFESSOR. See, my dear, what a rare specimen of amphibia I have just got down to Keats'. He was opening a case of stuffed animals from Egypt, as good luck would have it, and I stepped in just in the nick of time, as he was in the very act of lifting out this magnificent creature. I said I must secure that before anyone else sees it. He said it was worth one hundred dollars. I told him one hundred dollars was cheap for such an extraordinary specimen, and I bought it on the spot.

L. (*aside*). A hundred dollars for that thing and his wife without a decent dress to make calls in. (*Rises and goes to chair L. F. Sits.*)

B. (*coming to the lizard and examining it*). Yes, it is a wonderfully curious animal. 'Tis a animal, isn't it?

P. (*mildly*). This is *an* animal, my dear. How often do I have to tell you to use the article "an" before a noun beginning with a vowel.

B. Yes, an animal. What is it called, Theo?

P. Crocodillis Senezambisii, minor, or the lesser crocodile of Senezambia. It very much resembles the crocodile of the Nile.

Enter JOHN *R., with a handful of letters and papers; comes to C., sees crocodile, and throws up his hands and screams.*

JOHN. Oh, my lud! Bless my stars, what's that?

P. (*loftily*). This is one of a very rare order of crocodile from Senezambia. The only one in the United States. There is but one other stuffed speci-

men in the world. That is in the museum of Napoleonic trophies in Paris.

J. (*edging away*). Yes, sir, and I'm thinking I wouldn't mind if this one was in Paris along with it.

P. (*with dignity*). What mail have you, John?

J. (*the lizard lies between them, and* JOHN, *standing as far away from it as possible, reaches over and hands the mail to the* PROFESSOR). Here, sir.

P. (*taking the mail*). Did you look at the weather probabilities in the postoffice, John?

J. (*standing erect again*). Yes, sir. I believe, sir, there was increasing cloudiness and storm areas in the northwest.

P. (*opening letters and papers*). Southeast, you mean.

J. Yes, sir, you are right there, sir. With local showers in the eastern part of the state.

P. Southern portion, it should be.

J. Yes, sir. Right again, sir. Wind setting from the southeast.

P. From the northwest, you blockhead. And clearing weather expected.

J. Yes, sir, that's it exactly, sir. (*Aside.*) But if he knows so well himself, why does he be always bothering my brain about it?

P. You must learn to be more particular, John, in regard to the weather probabilities. They are of great importance to me in making out my thermometrical calculations. (*Goes to chair at register, closes it, sits and reads letters.*)

J. Yes, sir.

B. (*aside to* L.). Did you ever see such a brain?

J. Mrs. Theorem, mem, might I speak with you a moment, mem?

B. What is it, John? (*They go up C. to B.*)

J. Mrs. Theorem, mem, I found a mud-turtle under my bed last week, and an adder in my best hat last Sunday. I could bear with things the like of these and not mention 'em; but what I can't put up

with, mem, is master's using my bottle of whisky to pickle his specimens in, so's when I goes to get my drinks, scorpions and caterpillars and such like come bumping up against my teeth, and sticking in my throat, that I'm like to be choked, as happened no longer ago than this morning, with a horn-beetle as big as my thumb, mem. That I can't bear with, and I feel that I must leave.

B. (*looking toward* PROFESSOR, *who is absorbed in his letters*). Oh, John, what will your master say? You are the only man he ever had that he could get along with at all.

J. I am very sorry, for your sake and the children's, mem. But I feel that I can't hold on in this way; and as I have a sort of grudge against the undertaker in this town, I have a special reason for not dying here. I'll not give that undertaker a job if I can help it.

B. (*sighing*). Well, John, I don't know what the Professor will do. He hates so the trouble of teaching a new servant his ways.

J. Yes, mem, I don't wonder at that a bit. But if you'll be kind enough to speak with him, you may soften the matter to him a little, you know. (*Exit R.*)

B. (*goes to* PROFESSOR *and lays hand on his shoulder*). Theo, my dear, John has had a sudden call to go home. Will you please pay him his wages?

P. John going away? How long does he expect to stay?

B. I'm sure I can't tell. But you will know when he comes back, if he ever does. Things may turn out so that he can't be spared from home, you know.

P. (*rising and dropping mail on floor*). Can't be spared from home? Humph! He can't be spared from here. I must go see about this. (*Starts off R.*)

B. (*aside and going to table*). Oh, dear, oh, dear, what *shall* I do? There'll be a time, I know. (*Aloud.*) Theo, dear, you have forgotten this lovely snake in my basket. (*Taking up basket.*)

P. (*coming back*). Sure enough, I had forgotten that, and there is my crocodile, too. (*Takes hold of the creature's string again.*)

B. (*persuasively*). You are going to skin this now, dear, aren't you. You know I am so anxious to see you do it.

P. Well, come along to the laboratory, then, and I'll attend to it at once. (*Exeunt R., the* PROFESSOR *dragging the crocodile and* B. *carrying the basket carefully at arm's length.*)

L. (*rises and comes to F. C.*). Well, well, they say love is a great leveler, and a greater master, I should add. Think of our timid Bertha, who was afraid of a mouse, and could not kill a spider, carrying that dreadful snake in her work-basket, and not only telling so complacently about seeing it skinned, but begging to witness the operation. Evidently she was made for Theophilus. I certainly was not.

CURTAIN.

MAY DAY—A MOVING DRAMA.

By Florence Howe Hall. (Used by permission of "The Cottage Hearth," now the "Household.")

CHARACTERS.

MR. THOMAS SPEEDWELL, MRS. THOMAS SPEEDWELL,
WALTER, JANET, LOUISA, THEIR CHILDREN,
ELEAZER SPEEDWELL, THE BABY,
BRIDGET, THE COOK, JANE, MAID SERVANT,
SMASHER, A MAN FROM THE CHINA STORE,
JONES, A MAN FROM THE BOOKSELLER'S,
A POLICEMAN, TELEGRAPH BOY, DOCTOR AND SEVERAL FIREMEN.

COSTUMES.

IN SCENE I.—Ordinary home costumes.

IN SCENES II AND III.—MRS. SPEEDWELL in old gown. Hair dis-

heveled. General untidiness. WALTER, face and hands very dirty. Hair powdered with sugar and standing straight up all over his head. Stockings down and a large rent in the leg of his trousers. LOUISA and JANET, dirty dresses, faces and hands. SPEEDWELL BABY, dirty dress and face. SERVANTS generally untidy. Other characters ordinary costumes.

PROPERTIES.

Newspaper (local issue); crocheting or other fancy work; chair with loosened seat as described in Scene I; packing boxes; barrel; books; china dishes; bric-a-brac; nursing bottle; baby's toy of any sort; stepladder; dustpan; large soup tureen; old newspapers; excelsior or straw for packing; Pieces of broken "cut glass;" pieces of broken china of various kinds; two or three "steamer" trunks; kitchen utensils in great variety; framed pictures, three or four; a crushed bonnet or hat; washtub; an old blanket. For additional properties, read carefully description of Scene III.

SCENE I.

A handsome and well-appointed library; pictures on walls, and bookcases standing about; large table in center covered with books, newspapers and magazines. MR. and MRS. SPEEDWELL discovered, the former at *F. C.*, near the table, reading newspaper; the latter seated near him, crocheting or knitting.

MRS. SPEEDWELL. Well, I'm very glad, Thomas, that we aren't going to move this year after all. Of course every situation has its drawbacks, but, on the whole, this is a very good house, and moving is *such* a nuisance!

MR. SPEEDWELL. Yes, my dear, quite so. I agree with you entirely, but the fact is—can I have forgotten to mention it to you?—Old Mr. Tupper told me to-day that he would let us have the flat at a very low price, half what he asked a month ago, and our landlord is so anxious to move into this house himself, that I told him we'd move the first of May. That Tupper flat is a great bargain, my dear.

MRS. S. (*dropping her work in her lap*). Move the first of May—Thomas Speedwell, are you crazy? Why, to-day is the 27th of April! Do you think we can get ready to move in three days?

MR. S. (*rising and bustling about the room*). Why,

certainly, my dear, of course we can. What's the use of taking a month about it? A little energy, you know (*waves right arm and then rubs hands together energetically*), a little promptness and decision. *Put it through*, you know, Maria, that's my motto—it's a great deal better to do a disagreeable thing quickly, instead of worrying over it forever.

MRS. S. (*despairingly*). But how am I ever to get all my things packed, carpets taken up, curtains and shades taken down, books boxed and china crated—in three days?

MR. S. Mere details, Maria, mere details! You must get people in to help you.

MRS. S. (*sarcastically*). So easy to get hold of people at a moment's notice.

MR. S. Just as good as a month's, my dear—remember Napoleon, now, and how he crossed the Alps—

MRS. S. (*snappishly and throwing her work on the table*). Oh, yes! Napoleon! I wish he'd never crossed those tiresome old Alps! I'm sure I've suffered enough for it! If he'd only staid quietly at home, now, and minded his business—

MR. S. He'd never been First Consul, my dear, or Emperor either.

MRS. S. But I don't want to be consul. Consulships don't pay nowadays; all I want is to be comfortable. (*Rising and taking Mr. S. by the arm.*) Look at this lovely room, Thomas Speedwell, this room where we've arranged everything just as we want it. (*Solemnly.*) To-morrow, this room will be a howling wilderness.

MR. S. (*anxiously*). Eh, what? Well, we must expect to have things upset a little for awhile, but we'll be all right in no time. I'll send in plenty of men to help you—courage, my dear, *energy*, my dear!

MRS. S. Yes, I'm going to begin this moment. (*Rolls up her sleeves and jumps upon a chair.*) Just help me down with this picture, will you, Thomas?

MR. S. Oh, not to-night, Maria. (*Looks at his watch.*) Why, it's bedtime!

MRS. S. (*melodramatically*). Do you suppose Napoleon went to bed? Do you think he slept while he was crossing the Alps? I'm going to work all night. *Energy*, you know, Thomas!

MR. S. (*ruefully and yawning*). Dear me! I'm very sleepy! (*He draws up a chair; as he steps upon it the seat slides forward and he falls through to the floor.*) Oh, hang it.

MRS. S. (*waving her arm in a mock-heroic manner, while Mr. S. rubs his knee mournfully*). Courage! Alps! Napoleon!

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

SCENE.—The same library in a dismantled condition. The furniture and carpet removed. Packing cases stand about the room. JONES, the bookseller's man, is filling one of these with books. SMASHER, the china packer, is wrapping up china, bric-a-brac, etc., and putting it all in a large barrel that stands before him. Sounds of hammering, running about, talking and screaming are heard through the open door at *B. C.* Near this door is a large packing box turned down with the front forward, in which, amid a quantity of straw, the BABY is seen playing with a ball or rattle and nursing his bottle. Stepladder at *F. C.* MRS. SPEEDWELL is discovered leaning against stepladder and fanning herself with the dustpan.

MRS. S. Dear me! Such chaos and confusion I don't believe anyone ever saw before! If Thomas Speedwell ever gets me into such a box again, I'm mistaken. It's all very well to say I've got lots of people to help—lots of people to hinder would be nearer the truth. What with flying from the attic to the cellar and the cellar to the attic fifty times a day, and trying to superintend a dozen people at once, I'm perfectly worn out.

JONES (*in a loud, drawling voice*). I'll have to have a few more books to fill up this case, mem, or they'll all jolt to pieces.

MRS. S. Yes, yes, of course. Here Walter—!

(*Calls aloud.*) Wal-ter Wa-l-t-e-r! I *can't* understand why my children should be stone deaf whenever I want them.

Enter WALTER *D. in C.*

WALTER. Call me, Ma?

MRS. S. Yes, I did. But what ails the child? (*Taking him by the arm and turning him around.*) He looks like a perfect pig.

W. Can't help it, Ma, the towels and brushes and combs are all packed up—I've lost my garter somehow or other and (*putting his fingers in the hole*) I tore this hole helping Bridget clean out the sugar barrel.

MRS. S. I should say so, cleaned it with your head, didn't you? You're just covered with sugar from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet. Just run up in the nursery, Walter, and bring down the children's books there, like a good boy.

W. Yep, marm. (*Exit L.*)

SMASHER. This soup tureen won't go in nohow, marm. Perhaps you or Mr. Speedwell wouldn't mind carrying it by hand.

MRS. S. Oh, I don't *mind* anything now! I've got beyond that; but I can't carry the baby, the soup tureen, three band boxes and the mocking bird at the same time, unless I put the baby in the tureen.

S. Well, mem, then I'll have to repack the barrel a little, and if you'll kindly get me some more newspapers and stuff. (*Exit* MRS. S. *D. C.* SMASHER *proceeds to take things out of the barrel, arranging cups, saucers and dishes upon the floor beside him.*)

JONES. Where's old Speedwell, Smasher?

S. I guess he don't dare to come home; the missis is a trifle narvis this morning. I'm sure I don't blame her.

Enter MRS. S. *D. C., her arm full of papers, straw, etc. Just as she is about to hand these to* SMASHER, WALTER

comes in L. with books piled high in his arms, comes down, trips over cups on floor, falls against his mother, drops pile of books into china barrel and falls full length on the floor.

MRS. S. (*picking him up and shaking him vigorously.*) Oh, you naughty, careless, bad boy.

W. Boo-hoo. (*Sobs.*) I've cut myself all over. (*Sobs.*) Boo-hoo.

Enter MR. SPEEDWELL *R smiling and rubbing his hands briskly.*

MR. S. (*comes down*) All going on swimmingly? Eh, what's this—what's the matter?

MRS. S. (*pointing to* WALTER *and the wreck*). Look at what you've done, look at your work, inhuman monster! Your child is bleeding to death, stabbed by his ruthless and buccaneering father! Oh, you brigand! (SMASHER *steals quietly out door at C.*) Oh, my cups and saucers, my Haviland china, too. Oh, my child, my Walter! (MR. S. *takes hold of* WALTER *and examines him carefully.*) Oh, my Wedgewood wares. Oh, that I hadn't married a murderer and a pirate chief. (*Bursts into tears.* JONES *steals quietly out D. C.*)

MR. S. Nonsense, Maria, Walter isn't hurt at all, just a little scratch on one hand. You aren't hurt anywhere else are you, Walter?

W. (*sobbing*). Yes—no—I don't know. Ma shook me up horridly!

MR. S. Come, come, you've got off pretty easily, considering what mischief you've done.

MRS. S. (*wiping her eyes on her apron*). *He's done—you've* done, you mean! The poor child couldn't help it; *you* drove us all to death. *You* hired that fool Smasher, who went and left the cups and saucers all over the floor—why, I suppose you *asked* him to do it—it would be just like you, because they are *mine* and you always want *my* things broken (*weeping again*), you're so hateful and *mean.*

MR. S. Oh, Maria, be reasonable now. (*Aside.*) Be careful, the servants will hear you, and those men, too.

MRS. S. (*angrily as she goes to barrel*). Oh, yes, well let them hear me, and it may be a good lesson to those men; no doubt they'll treat their wives just so. (*Dives into the barrel with both hands.*) Look at this. (*Holding up some pieces of broken glass.*) My best cut-glass vinegar cruet! And at this (*she dives again and brings up some broken china*); all that's left of my best Dresden salad-bowl and pepper-pot, sir (*shaking the fragments at him*), you unfeeling man! (*Mr. S. stands during this speech, with his hands behind his back, and a half-amused, half-frightened look on his face. As his wife holds up the china he draws back, as if afraid she would strike him.*)

MR. S. My dear, I don't know that we *particularly* need a pepper-pot, nor yet a vinegar cruet, while you are in your present humor—

MRS. S. (*angrily interrupting*). Yes, of course, now insult your wife after destroying her property. Oh, dear, dear! (*Buries her face in her apron.*)

Enter COOK *D. C.*

COOK. If you please, Mis' Speedwell, Mr. Smasher says as he's got to go now, unless you want him for anything particular.

Enter MAID SERVANT *R. and* LOUISA *and* JANET *L.*

MAID. The man is come, mem, and he says, please, is everything ready for him to take?

LOUISA *and* JANET (*hopping up and down and speaking together*). The carriage is come, the carriage is come.

M. And he's in an awful hurry.

MRS. S. Call Smasher somebody! (*All the children tumble over each other in their efforts to get out of the room*). (*Speaking to the cook*). Get a hammer and nails and tell Jones to come nail up this box.

Here, Walter, jump on this trunk while your father locks it.

(*A scene of great confusion ensues.* SMASHER, *the* TWO LITTLE GIRLS, *the* COOK, *the* MAIDSERVANT, JONES, *and* MRS. S. *rush about the room and in and out of the door, in great excitement.* WALTER *jumps up and down on the trunk in great glee.* MR. S., *having caught his fingers in the trunk while trying to lock it, holds up his hand, muttering, stamping his feet and scowling.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.

SCENE.—A room in a flat; saucepans, stone crocks and other kitchen utensils stand side by side with pictures, books, etc.; piles of handsome parlor furniture mingle with a washboard, stoveboiler, dustpan, several brooms, and any other incongruous articles; several open trunks (one at *F. C.*) and boxes stand about; many loose articles standing about them as if just unpacked; large dining table in the center, at which the children are seated eating dinner; WALTER is eating cold mashed potato from a tin plate with a large wooden spoon; LOUISA has a handsome china saucer in front of her and is spreading her bread and butter with a pocket-knife; JANET has a silver candle snuffer and tray; the latter contains her bread and butter, which she spreads and eats with the snuffers. Any other ridiculous combinations may be used if preferred.

CHILDREN *are discovered.*

W. Just ain't this lots of fun! I only wish we could have something to eat besides cold potato and bread and butter for dinner. I hope Ma won't come in and see you girls.

Enter MRS. SPEEDWELL, *R., comes down.*

MRS. S. What greedy children!

W. We're 'most starved, Ma; you know it's three o'clock and we hadn't much for breakfast.

MRS. S. All your father's fault, Walter. I wonder where he is, all this time.

Enter MR. S. *L. He steps carefully about the room while talking, looking at the various things on the floor.*

MR. S. It begins to look quite homelike, doesn't it

Maria? Here we have the dear children eating their first meal in our new home—with somewhat primitive implements, it is true, and rather a frugal meal—but yet we are at home, Maria, comforting thought. This wall-paper makes me feel as if we'd lived here for years. If only the baby were sitting in his high chair—where is the baby, Maria?

MRS. S. Why, wherever you put him, of course. You gave him to Jane, didn't you?

MR. S. Gave him to Jane? Why, I thought *you* had him. He came with you, didn't he?

MRS. S. Didn't you bring him?

MR. S. Why *you* brought him.

MRS. S. Oh, my precious child! (*Wringing her hands*). He's lost! He's dead! Oh, what shall I do? (*Sobs and weeps. The* CHILDREN *all begin to cry.*)

MR. S. For heaven's sake, Maria, calm yourself and tell us where you left the child.

MRS. S. *I* left him? *You* left him in that big packing box in the library. Of course the furniture men put it in the van, and my precious Eleazer is either smothered to death (*sobs*) or else he's tumbled out into the road, or he's been thrown onto the ash heap. (*Covers her face with her hands, drops into the nearest chair, and rocks back and forth.*)

MR. S. (*seizing a large dinner bell, rings it violently while calling at the top of his voice*). Jane, Bridget, come here instantly.

Enter JANE *and* BRIDGET *R. running.*

Have either of you seen the baby? Why under the sun didn't you bring him with you, Jane?

JANE. Please, sir, Mis' Speedwell said as how she'd bring him.

MR. S. Well, she didn't. Run right back to our old house, Jane, and look in the big packing case in the library, and if baby isn't there—(*Exit* JANE *running.*)

MRS. S. (*looking up*). Oh, you infanticide! To stay here dawdling, while Eleazer is creeping around in the gutter, or catching scarlet fever—I'm going to

alarm the police. (*She rushes to a set of electric buttons at B. C. for calling policemen, fire engines, etc., and presses all three knobs, one after another.*)

MR. S. (*thrusting his hands into his pockets*). Now you *have* done it, Maria.

MRS. S. (*coming down.*) Oh, my precious child! Perhaps he crawled into one of the trunks and got shut up in them. I must find him alive or—(*She rushes about the room, emptying the contents of the trunks on the floor, turning over the furniture, the* CHILDREN *following and adding to the confusion; she upsets* MR. SPEEDWELL, *who falls into the open trunk at F. C., the lid coming down on his back.*) (*With a shriek*). You're sitting on my best bonnet, Thomas. How can you be so careless?

MR. S. (*extricating himself from the trunk, and detaching a crushed-looking mass of ribbons and flowers from his coat-tails*). Your mother's pretty severe today, Walter!

MRS. S. (*pursuing her search, comes to the soup tureen.*) I don't believe he could be in the soup—(*She takes off the cover of the soup tureen and looks in.*)

Enter SMASHER *L. carrying the* BABY *done up in an old blanket. Comes down while talking.*

S. Ain't this your baby, Mrs. Speedwell?

MRS. S. (*dropping wash-tub under which she was looking and running to him*). Oh, my precious, precious child. (*Takes* BABY *and kisses it.*) Oh, Mr. Smasher, you are my best friend. Where did you find him? Are his precious bones all right? (*Feeling of his arms and legs.*) Do you think he's been eating poison? (*A loud noise as of heavy wheels is heard behind the scenes, footsteps heard.*)

MR. S. (*groaning*). Here they are!

MRS. S. Mere details, mere details, you know, Thomas; mustn't mind trifles when we're crossing the Alps; besides I don't care for anything, now that I've got the baby safe. (*Kissing the* BABY.)

Enter a POLICEMAN, *a* DOCTOR, *a* TELEGRAPH BOY *and several* FIREMEN. *They all begin to speak at once. The* BABY *cries, the* CHILDREN *dance about and shout at the top of their voices, the engines whistle behind the scenes, and when the confusion is at its height, the curtain falls.*

THE EXCITEMENT AT KETTLEVILLE.

By Epes Sargent. (Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CHARACTERS.

BODKINS, LATE IN THE EMPLOY OF MESSRS. FLIMSY AND GAUZE.
DITTO, A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN, FAMOUS IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.
TINCTURE, A MAN WITH A DIPLOMA.
MOPER, A DISAPPOINTED CANDIDATE.
PONDER, A MAN WHO THINKS BEFORE HE SPEAKS.
TOMMY, A YOUTHFUL "BILL-STICKER."
MISS HAVERWAY, A POPULAR YOUNG LECTURER.

SCENE.—A street. If scenery is not available, use the ordinary empty stage.

COSTUMES.

Ordinary business and street suits.

PROPERTIES.

Paste-pail and brush; a quantity of "posters;" a cylindrical roll for carrying papers.

Enter BODKINS *and* DITTO *R. and* TINCTURE, MOPER *and* PONDER *one after the other L. They all come to C.*

BODKINS. Well met, gentlemen, well met! We are all of one way of thinking, I presume, in regard to the business of to-night?

DITTO. I hope, gentlemen, that Kettleville will do her duty, and her whole duty, on this occasion.

TINCTURE. We must put a stop to this Woman's Rights movement, or it will put a stop to us. Action,

heroic action, as we doctors say, is the only remedy. Now's the time.

MOPER. How will you do it? That's the question. It can't be done.

B. Brother Moper, you are always looking on the dark side of things. Why can't it be done?

M. Because the women carry too many guns for us.

B. Guns? Guns? Does this little Miss Haverway carry a gun?

M. She doesn't carry anything else. That little morocco roll or cylinder, in which she pretends to carry her lecture, is an air-gun—a deadly weapon.

B. Possible? But that's a matter for the police to look into. Ha! We are not to be intimidated, gentlemen, eh? We are true Americans. No cowards among us—eh? The blood of seventy-six does not—does not—

D. Stagnate in our veins.

B. Thank you, sir. Does not stagnate in our veins. Surely not in mine—not in mine!

PONDER. May I be allowed to ask a question?

ALL. Certainly.

P. What are we here for?

B. We are here, Mr. Ponder, to protest against allowing the town hall to be used to-night by one Miss Haverway for her lecture on Woman's Rights. I appeal to every young man in the land. Ought it not to make our blood—our blood—

D. Boil with indignation.

B. Thank you, sir. Boil with indignation to see these attempts, on the part of certain audacious women, to oppress us, and take the bread out of our mouths, just as we are entering on our several careers?

D. Gentlemen, what could be more—more—more—Excuse this burst of feeling. There *are* chords—Well, sir, go on.

B. Consider my own case, gentlemen. I had a

snug situation in the store of Messrs. Flimsy & Gauze, the great dealers in muslins, laces and such. An easy berth. All I had to do was to stand behind a counter and show the lady customers the newest styles of collars. All at once I am told that my services are not wanted. And, gentlemen, as if to add insult to injury, I am advised that the spade and the plow expect me—me, with my delicate *physique*. Gentlemen, why were my services no longer required?

D. Yes, why, gentlemen? why? why? If, gentlemen, one single reminiscence of Lexington and Bunker Hill lingers in your minds—if—if—excuse me, I was carried away by my feelings. Go on, Mr. Bodkins.

B. My dismissal was accompanied with the information that a young lady—a young lady (*sarcastically*)—had been selected to take my place.

TIN. AND M. Shame! Shame! Too bad! Too bad!

D. Atrocious! Yes, abominable!

M. I tell you, we are all going to the *bad* just as fast as we can go. The world isn't the world it used to be.

D. Gentlemen, there was a time when the whole business of making and trimming bonnets and of making female dresses was in the hands of man. Any reader of Shakespeare must be aware of this. That time must be revived. The case of my friend Bodkins calls for redress—re-dress, gentlemen.

TIN. Hear *me*, sir, and you will admit that *my* case still more eloquently cries—cries—

D. Aloud for revenge.

TIN. Aye, that's it. I was, as you may be aware, bred a physician. My father, agent for the sale of "Plantation Bitters," gave me a diploma. It hangs framed over my mantelpiece. You may see it, any of you, without charge. No sooner had I settled down in the flourishing village of Onward, no sooner had I begun to physic and bleed the enterprising inhabitants, than a young woman calling herself a doctress—ha! ha! a doctress!—made her appearance.

D. Shame! Shame! Humbug, thy name is—woman.

B. There it is again! Woman! Always woman!

M. I tell you it's no use. We've got to come to it. We may as well be resigned, and put our noses peaceably down to the grindstone.

D. Never! Never! No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no! False Douglas, thou hast lied.

M. You'll see, sir, you'll see. Gentlemen, I can relate a still more exasperating case. The humble individual who addresses you studied for the ministry. I was a candidate to fill the pulpit in the same village of Onward. I had the reputation of being the most depressing preacher ever heard in these parts.

D. Not poppy, nor mandroga, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East—(MOPER *stares at him.*) Go on, sir, I was only musing aloud.

M. Everything looked encouraging. On one occasion, after I had preached, not a man, woman or child of the congregation was seen to smile for a week. Everything, I say, looked encouraging, when, all at once—

D. (*interrupting*). When all at once there appeared a woman.

M. You are right, sir; there appeared a woman! Will you believe it? The infatuated people of Onward have settled her over their first religious society. A woman!

D. A female woman! Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts! Dash her in pieces! Must we endure all this?

B. Why, sir, in a degenerate city of degenerate New England, the City of Worcester—

D. (*interrupting*). Three groans for Worcester!

B. They have actually elected women to serve on the school committee.

D. Enough! Enough! I have supped full of horrors.

M. Oh, that is nothing to what we shall have to swallow.

D. Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

B. I had a brother—

D. (*interrupting*). I had a brother once—a gentle boy.

B. Mine went into a printing-office to learn to set type. He hadn't been there a week when a girl was admitted, and now—now—just because she can set type twice as fast as any of the men she is allowed equal wages.

D. There it is again! The irrepressible woman! Why didn't they tear down the printing-office? Equal wages, indeed!

B. Well, my brother, who is a brave little fellow, did the best thing he could! He helped snowball the girl and succeeded in hitting her on the head with a piece of ice.

D. He shall have a pension. Served her right! Equal wages, indeed!

TIN. And yet there are men—fiends, rather, in human shape, libels on their sex—who pretend to see no reason why women shouldn't be doctors, ministers, lawyers, architects, builders, merchants, manufacturers—in short, whatever they please, or chance to have a faculty for.

B. See how they are crowding us men out of the paths of literature and art! Look at Mrs. Stowe! She is paid more for a single page than my friend Vivid, author of "The Beauty of Broadway," gets for a whole volume.

TIN. Look at Rosa Bonheur, painter of beasts.

D. (*gravely*). Let's all go and have her take our likenesses.

TIN. See her rolling in wealth, while my friend, Daub, with a family to support, sees his splendid productions, so rich in all the colors of the rainbow, unsold in the auction rooms!

M. What are we going to do about it? That's the question.

D. Awake, arise, or be forever fallen.

B. And they are talking now of giving women the suffrage—letting them vote.

D. When the time comes, find me on Torno's cliff or Pambamarca's side.

P. May I be permitted to ask a question?

B. Certainly; we all go for free speech, that is, free masculine speech.

P. Aren't we all in favor of *no taxation without representation?* Answer me that.

ALL. Certainly. No doubt of it. Of course we are.

P. Well, then, if women are taxed, ought they not—

D. Gag him, stop him, he has said enough.

P. I say if women are taxed, ought they not—

B. Silence! We've had enough of that sort of talk.

D. (*scornfully*). He's a woman's rights man. I thought as much. How like a fawning publican he looks.

TIN. Kettleville is no place for you, sir.

D. No, sir. Mount a bicycle and strike a bee-line for Worcester. That's your safe plan. 'Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence.

P. Gentlemen, strike, but hear. You'd admit, I suppose, that women must live. What, then, would you have them do.

B. Do? Why, tend the children and wash clothes.

TIN. I don't know about that. I don't like to see our primary schools kept by young women while there are so many deserving young men out of employment.

D. That's the talk. And as for washing clothes, how many good, honest fellows are hard pushed, through the absurd custom of giving these jobs of washing and ironing to women.

P. But, gentlemen, be reasonable. Women must live; must have some means of support; must—

D. (*interrupting*). T-r-r-raitor to thy sex! Don't

we come first? Are they not our born thralls? Are not we their natural lords and masters? Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance!

P. Really, Mr. Ditto, I am not accustomed to be treated in this most extraordinary, most vituperative, most ungentlemanly—

B. (*interrupting*). Peace, gentlemen! Let everything be harmonious, I beg you, on this occasion. We have met, informally, to consider the means of preventing the spread in Kettleville of these wild, heretical notions concerning woman's rights, now so prevalent. Miss Haverway shall not lecture in Kettleville. Are we all agreed upon that?

D. Are we all agreed?

Enter R. TOMMY, *the billposter, with package of handbills under one arm, brush and pail of paste in the other hand.* TOMMY *comes to B. C.* TINCTURE *goes to* TOMMY *and takes one of the bills.* TOMMY *prepares to paste up another at B. C.*

TIN. (*comes down while looking at the bill*). Ha! What have we here? A poster! An announcement of the lecture! (*Reads.*) "The celebrated Miss Haverway, lecturer on woman's rights—" (*to* TOMMY) Youth, forbear.

TOMMY. I'm not a youth, and I'll not forbear. Touch me and I'll daub you with paste. (*Continues preparations.*)

B. (*coming to* TOMMY). Boy, stop that, or you'll rue the day. We will tear down that bill.

TIN. (*coming to* TOMMY). Save your paste, youth, and vanish. (TOMMY *threatens them with his brush; they retreat a step or two, but make excited motions at* TOMMY.)

D. (*coming to the others*). Punch him, jam him, down with him! He's nothing but an orphan, and there's no one to help him.

M. (*approaching also*). I think I may safely hit him with my cane. (*He lifts his cane, but as he comes*

nearer to TOMMY, *enter R.* MISS HAVERWAY. *She carries a cylindrical roll of papers which she points at* MOPER, BODKINS *and* TINCTURE. *They show great alarm and retreat. She comes to B. C.*)

MISS HAVERWAY. What's all this? Tommy, what's the matter?

TOM. These fellows talk of pitching into me. I should like to see them do it, that's all.

MISS H. So would I.

TOM. They threaten to tear down your poster.

MISS H. Do they? We'll see.

TOM. I'll paste them all up against this wall if you say so.

MISS H. Leave them to me, Tommy, and put them up farther down the street. (*Exit* TOMMY *L. whistling a lively tune.*)

B. (*aside and coming down*). I don't quite like the looks of things. (*The others remain standing L. B.*)

MISS H. (*coming down*). Well, sir, have you any objections to my bill? Have you any objections to *me*, sir?

B. (*with* MISS HAVERWAY *at C.*). My dear lady—

MISS H. (*pointing at them occasionally with the cylinder*). Don't dear *me*, sir, and don't *lady* me. Call me plain woman. (BODKINS, MOPER *and* TINCTURE *watch the roll in her hands and manifest alarm when it is pointed at them.*)

B. Well, then, plain woman, I-I-I that is we—my friends here—Moper, Tincture and the rest—not being quite able to see this matter of Woman's Rights in the light that you—your ladyship—(MOPER *and* TINCTURE *come down L.*)—I mean you plain woman—see it in—

MISS H. (*explosively*). And why not, sir? (*Crosses over and back excitedly.*) Why not, I should like to know? (BODKINS *gets behind* TINCTURE.)

TIN. We only thought, madam, there would be no harm in ventilating, that is, discussing the points at issue, and so—

MISS H. (*pausing suddenly before him*). Points? Points? (*Pointing the roll at him.*) Tell me the truth. What have you been plotting? No evasion! (BODKINS *and* TINCTURE *get behind* MOPER.)

TIN. (*thrusting* MOPER *forward.*) This gentleman, madam, will explain.

M. If you'll have the goodness, madam, just to lower the point of your air-gun—(*She thrusts the roll at* MOPER *and he retreats behind* BODKINS *and* TINCTURE.)

MISS H. (*to* DITTO, *pointing the roll at him*). Well, sir, and you?

D. (*comes down L. and crosses over.*) I, Miss Haverway? In me, you behold your very humble servant. These gentlemen, conservative citizens of Kettleville, all except my friend Ponder here, I regret to say, have been making rare fools of themselves. They met for the preposterous purpose of devising some way of preventing you from lecturing this evening. To learn their plans and at the same time have some fun on my own account, I pretended to be one of the conspirators, and it is only now that I throw off the mask and declare to them and to you that the booby who lifts a voice or a hand to prevent your lecturing, as you propose, will have to measure arms in set pugilistic encounter with your true knight to command, Mr. Frederick Ditto. (*Bows very low.*)

MISS H. Who says the days of chivalry are gone? Sir, I thank you. (*Courtesies.*)

D. I have but one demand to make to these gentlemen, and that is, that they all attend your lecture. Mr. Ponder will come I know.

P. (*crosses over from L.*). That was my intention from the first.

MISS H. (*to* BODKINS). You will come, sir. (*As he hesitates, she lifts her roll and comes close to him.*)

B. Really—oh, yes, I'll come. Shall be most happy. (*Examining her collar or trimmings*). Real point lace, I declare.

MISS H. (*to* TINCTURE). And you, sir?

TIN. Unless my patients—

MISS H. No excuse, sir.

TIN. I will come. (*Aside.*) I wish I could prescribe for her, just *once.*

MISS H. (*to* MOPER). You will follow their example, sir, of course?

M. Excuse me, but—(*seeing her roll leveled at him*) I will not fail, madam, to be present.

MISS H. I thought so.

D. Allow me to escort you, Miss Haverway, to your hotel. Mr. Ponder, will you join us? (PONDER *bows assent. As they go off R.* MISS HAVERWAY *suddenly turns and starts toward the others with the roll pointed at them. They exit hastily L. Exeunt others R.*)

CURTAIN.

JANE'S LEGACY.

A PARLOR THEATRICAL IN ONE ACT.

By Emma E. Brewster. From Demorest's Family Magazine.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. JANE SAMPSON,	MRS. MARTHA HOLLAND,
MRS. WILLIAMSON,	MISS BAXTER,
ROBERT SAMPSON,	SQUIRE THORNDIKE.

COSTUMES.

JANE SAMPSON, neat calico dress, long gingham apron, and, at first, a little shawl thrown over the head; ROBERT SAMPSON, working clothes but neat and whole; MISS BAXTER and MRS. HOLLAND neat walking costumes for elderly women; SQUIRE THORNDIKE, handsome black suit, silk hat, gold spectacles and gold-headed cane. MRS. WILLIAMSON, stylish visiting costume for young married woman.

PROPERTIES.

Red table-cloth; some coarse dishes; small shawl; small account book and lead pencil.

SCENE I.—Interior of a cottage. Small pine table in the center of the stage; a wooden chair near it, *R.;* one at *R. F.*; a bench or high

stool at *L. F.*; a stove *L.*, back if possible, but may be omitted; small cupboard at *B. C.*; containing dishes; neat white curtain in front of it..

Enter JANE *hurriedly L. with shawl over her head.*

JANE. Hurry up, Jane, or your table will not be set when Bob gets home. (*Throws shawl on chair and goes to R. entrance; looks off.*) There he is now, the dear fellow! (*Kisses hand and nods, then puts cloth on table, pushes back curtain from cupboard and begins to set table.*)

Enter BOB *R., whistling a lively tune. She continues to set table during dialogue with* BOB.

BOB (*coming to table*). Well, little wife, how's supper?

J. (*at cupboard*). All ready; you are just in time. The baked potatoes are as crisp as crisp can be, and the cornbread done to a turn.

B. (*hangs up hat and coat L., and then stands with back to stove L. B., if there is one, if not walks up and down the stage*). Well, isn't this true comfort, after all is said and done? A tidy house, a cheerful wife, and the proud consciousness that I owe no man a dollar. What if we have no carpet on our floor, or butter on our table? Love and mutual confidence are the best of luxuries. I tell you, Jane, I am richer to-day in your companionship than old Jake Dutton was with all his hoarded wealth.

J. (*still setting table*). What a flatterer you are, Bob. But I guess you would be glad, for all that, to get some of old Jake Dutton's hoarded wealth.

B. But not to exchange you for it. (*Tries to embrace her; she runs behind the table coquettishly.*)

Enter MISS BAXTER *R.*

MISS BAXTER. I come right in without knocking, fur I'm in a horful hurry. (*Sits in chair R. F.* BOB *crosses over and takes chair near table with manifest signs of impatience.*)

J. (*coming to* MISS BAXTER). That is right. You

must not be ceremonious with us, Miss Baxter. Won't you take off your things and stay to tea?

MISS B. Dreadful suz! No, child. I told ye I was in a horful hurry. But I thought I must stop in, fur perhaps ye'd like to hear the news. I've been down to old Jake Dutton's funeral, you see. Do set down, Jane. I can't never talk when anybody's stan'in' up all ready to run. (BOB *seats* JANE *in his chair and seats himself on the bench L. F.*) I've been down to the funeral, as I said, and now *who* do you think is his administrator?

J. I don't know. (BOB *takes small account-book and pencil out of his pocket and appears to be figuring up accounts.*)

MISS B. (*impressively, with voice slightly raised*). Wall, it's—your—Sister—Martha's—husband, Richard Holland!

B. (*looking up, with pencil held on page of book*). Why not? He's the best man in town I know of for that position, or any other. He's upright, honest, a good business man, and understands the law as well as Squire Thorndike himself. (*Resumes.*)

MISS B. Well, it may be all right, but it struck me as bein' mighty queer till I found out *who* the *heir* was. I thought at fust 'twas because he was rich. Ain't it strange how things is ordered? There's your sister, Marthy, with her silks and satins, and fine house, chaney and silver on her table every day, and you livin' from hand to mouth, and all in one room, as you might say. (JANE *jumps up, comes down, passes near* MISS BAXTER, *who catches hold of her dress.*) Do set still! Where be ye goin' to?

J. I must tend to the oven, Miss Baxter. Everything will burn up.

MISS B. I won't be a minute. Set down and do listen. Now, who do you s'pose Jake Dutton made his heir?

J. (*indifferently as she reseats herself*). I don't know. The Pepperils are his relatives.

MISS B. None of his wife's relatives. They was all there, though—the only mourners there was. But he didn't give 'em much. I could see they was disappointed when the will was read.

B. (*looking up as before*). How did *you* happen to hear the will read? Did you sit with the mourners?

MISS B. No, I didn't. But I sat in the next room, with my eye agin a crack in the plaschuring. I could see right into the room when I got my eye agin the crack, an' I could hear every word right through as plain as day. Now, whether 'twas because he had a kind o' sneakin' fancy for your wife, or whether he thought she'd had a pretty hard row to hoe and desarved some of the good things of this life, I dunno. But, howsumdever,—

B. (*shutting the account-book with a slap and jumpiug up*). If you will just leave my wife out of your story, and get through with it as soon as possible, it will be more agreeable. Jane doesn't need anybody's pity.

J. (*soothingly*). Oh, now, Bob, don't get excited. Didn't old Mr. Dutton have a sister, Miss Baxter?

MISS B. (*stiffly*). I dunno whether he had or not. But he didn't leave her nothin', anyway; and she warn't at the funeral neither.

B. (*returning to his seat*). She married somebody off in York state that he didn't like. I believe he never had anything to do with her afterward.

MISS B. Wall, now it doos seem as if I'd heerd tell about her. Married a nigger, didn't she?

J. Married a negro?

B. No; he was white enough; steward, I believe, on one of the Sound boats.

MISS B. Well, that's jest what I've heard, and I'd like to know, Bob Sampson, if waiters and stewards, and them kind, ain't allus *black?* For if they ain't, they ain't.

B. Well, in this case *they ain't.* And now if you think it of any importance to us to hear who old Dut-

ton made his heir, and will tell us, and let Jane go, I shall be thankful, for I'm hungry.

J. (*in a conciliatory manner*). Men are always cross when they are hungry, Miss Baxter, as I suppose you know. So you must excuse Bob for being so terribly savage. And, now come, tell us who it was and how much he has got.

MISS B. Wall, the money is ten thousand dollars; but the heir ain't a he, but a she?

J. Dear me. 'Tisn't you?

MISS B. Not quite; but somebody that's pretty nigh to me jest now.

J. What! Not your niece, Betsey Ann?

MISS B. Sakes alive! no; though Betsey Ann is as purty a girl as there is in Snippit.

B. (*getting up and speaking crossly*). Hadn't you better take up those potatoes, Jane?

MISS B. Wall, now, it does sound well to hear you ordering 'round a ten-thousand-dollar heiress in that style. Now, don't it?

B. A ten-thousand-dollar heiress?

J. (*rising*). Miss Baxter, what *do* you mean?

MISS B. I mean exactly what I said, nothin' more nor less. *Jane Sampson*, that was exactly what I heerd through that crack in the plaschuring. All the remainin' portions, which amount to ten thousand dollars, I give and bequeath to Jane Sampson. (*Rising.*) Wall, I guess I won't stop no longer.

B. (*crosses to her*, JANE *reseats herself.*) Oh, yes, Miss Baxter, do stop a minute. Take off your bonnet and eat supper with us, can't you? We haven't very much, but I don't suppose a ten-thousand-dollar heiress —how is that, little wife?—would mind running down to the store and buying a can of peaches and some smoked salmon, on account.

MISS B. (*going R.*) Thank ye kindly, but I can't stop. I've got some more calls to make on my way home.

B. (*following her.*) Are you sure that you are right about that legacy?

MISS B. Sure I'm right? Am I *sure* what you're sayin' this minnit, Bob Simpson? I ain't deef yit, thank my stars.

B. That's so. I'm sorry you are in such a hurry. (*Shakes her hand energetically.*) Do stop in oftener, as often as you can; good-bye. (*Exit* MISS BAXTER *R.*) Well, Jane, how do you intend to invest your money? (*Coming to C.*)

J. In a handsome house, splendidly furnished; such soft carpets and heavy curtains, and plenty of books, pictures—

B. (*sneering*). And a *piano*, I suppose.

J. Yes, a piano. For if I cannot play myself, my daughters shall. My children shall have every advantage. The girls shall go to boarding-school and the boys to college.

B. Not if they are my boys as well as yours, ma'am. You may throw away your money in any other way—and you will soon come to the end of it, I guess—but not one of my boys shall ever step inside a college door.

J. (*angrily.*) I'd like to see you prevent it. I've got the money and I shall spend it as I please. Talk about coming to the end of it—I would like to see how you would have made it fly, if old Dutton had been fool enough to have left it in your hands. What with wine, cigars, fast horses, and fast women—

B. (*indignantly.*) Jane! what are you talking about?

J. (*sobbing*). I'm talking about what I know. It always spoils men to grow suddenly rich. But I never thought it would make you such a mean, stingy old curmudgeon. (*Puts apron to her eyes and sobs.*)

B. Mean—stingy—who is mean and stingy?

J. You are, when you sneer about the girls' piano and won't let the boys go to college.

B. If you want to ruin 'em, everyone, send 'em to college.

J. There's Richard Holland, he's been to college and he isn't ruined.

B. (*sneering*). *Holland*? The conceited dunderhead. He's rich, and that's the most you can say for him.

J. Why, Bob. I've heard you say a thousand times that there was not a man in Snippit equal to my brother-in-law, Richard Holland.

B. (*angrily.*) Well, if I did, it was to keep peace in the family. You are always praising Holland! 'Tis a pity that you couldn't have caught him and left Martha for me. I wouldn't have looked at you twice if your sister Martha had been single. And I suppose that's what Holland thought, too.

J. (*angrily.*) Martha! She wouldn't have touched you with the tip of her finger—anybody that sprung from as low a family as you did. Martha's proud and I am not, and this is what I get for marrying beneath myself.

B. Beneath you? Well, that does sound well, when you haven't a decent relative in the world but that detestable old Aunt Susan.

J. Yes, and how often have you thanked Aunt Susan for bringing me up to be such a good housekeeper and cook?

B. Humph! And what do you cook? Potatoes, salt pork, hasty pudding—stuff fit for hogs.

J. Stuff fit for hogs? Who provided it?

B. (*after a moment's silence.*) Well, I'll promise better food after this.

J. I'd like to know how? It's I who have the money, and not one cent of it shall you ever touch.

B. (*coaxingly*). Oh, come now, Jane.

J. (*coldly.*) You provided for yourself before, and I suppose you can again.

B. (*angrily.*) Well, look here, if we are going to have separate purses in that way, we might as well have separate houses.

J. (*coldly.*) So I think myself.

B. (*stares at her a moment, and then gets his coat and hat.*) Very well, ma'am. This is the last time you shall say that to me, if there is a divorce lawyer in the Old Bay State. (*Give local names.*) (*Pulls hat over his eyes and stalks out R.*)

J. (*sobbing wildly.*) A divorce! A divorce! Oh, he never meant it, surely. Bob! Bob! Oh, Bob! What shall I do? What shall I do? I wish that old legacy was at the bottom of the sea. I'll never touch a cent of it. Never, never, never! A poor, miserable, wretched, divorced wife. (*Sobs.*)

Enter MARTHA *R.*

MARTHA. (*coming to her.*) Why, Jenny, Jenny, what is the matter?

J. Oh, Martha, Bob has gone off to–to–get–a–a–divorce.

M. A divorce?

J. Yes, it's true! it's true! We got into a quarrel about the children. He said (*indignantly*) that the boys should never go to college.

M. The boys? What boys?

J. Our boys.

M. Your boys? Why, Jane, are you crazy? You haven't any children.

J. (*laughing hysterically.*) No, I'm not crazy yet, though I think this horrid legacy will drive me wild. 'Tis the boys I expect to have that I want well educated, now that I have ten thousand dollars.

M. You, Jenny! Why, surely you *are* crazy. Where did *you* get ten thousand dollars?

J. What! Hasn't Richard told you that Mr. Dutton made me his heiress, left me ten thousand dollars?

M. Why, Jenny, it is no such thing. Who in the world told you so?

J. What, Martha, am I not his heiress?

M. Truly you are not, Jennie. The money was all left to his sister's husband, James Hanson.

J. James Hanson! James Hanson! Well, that

does sound a little like Jane Sampson. Oh, if Bob only knew it. (*Rising and crossing over and back.*) Oh, I should be the happiest woman in the world if he would only return.

M. Where is he, Jennie? I must find him. (*Knock at the door.*) There, some one is coming; perhaps a messenger from him.

J. Oh, Martha, go to the door, please do. (*Exit* MARTHA *R. A voice heard, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Holland. How happy I am to meet you."*) That's Mrs. Williamson, the rich manufacturer's wife. (*She hurriedly takes off her apron, hangs it up L. and smooths her hands over her hair. Second voice without, "Good afternoon, good afternoon; happy to meet you on this auspicious occasion."*) Dear me! That's Squire Thorndike.

Enter MRS. WILLIAMSON, *followed by* SQUIRE THORNDIKE *R., and* MARTHA HOLLAND. MRS. WILLIAMSON *and* JANE *meet at C.*

MRS. WILLIAMSON. *Good* afternoon, my *dear* Mrs. Sampson. (*Kisses her effusively.*) How *happy* I am to see you looking so well. It is not sickness, then, that has kept you from church so long?

J. (*offering her the chair R. F.* MRS. WILLIAMSON *sits*). Oh, no, I'm well enough, but I haven't anything fit to wear. The congregation all dress so much, you know, I can't keep up with them, Mrs. Williamson.

MRS. W. That impediment will soon be removed.

J. (*dubiously*). I hope so. (*During this dialogue* SQUIRE THORNDIKE *in dumb show desires* MARTHA *to take the other chair near table. She refuses, pressing him to take it.* SQUIRE *insists, and finally gets his eyes on the bench L. F.; crosses to take it.* JANE *still standing.*) Oh, Squire Thorndike, please don't sit on that bench. I'll get a chair from the bedroom. (*Crosses to L.*) I'm sorry I have so few chairs. (*Exit L.* SQUIRE *sits on bench.* JANE *returns at once with a plain wooden chair, hands it to* SQUIRE, *who, rising, presents it to* JANE.)

S. T. (*obsequiously*) Oblige me by taking this chair, madam. I find this bench very comfortable, indeed. (JANE *declines with a shake of the head;* MARTHA *motions to her to take it, and she sits down awkwardly*). I came to talk about investments. (MARTHA *turns toward exit R.*)

J. (*jumping up hurriedly*). Yes; but please excuse me, Squire. (*Crosses over.*) Oh, Martha, are you going away so soon? (*Aside to her*). What do you suppose they have come for?

M. (*aside to* JANE). I can't imagine, dear; but I must go home, now. (*They walk slowly toward R. exit.*)

J. (*aside to* MARTHA). Won't you try to find Bob, and tell him?

M. (*as before*). I certainly will find him if he is in town. (*Kisses* JANE *and exit R.* JANE *returns and seats herself, as before, near the* SQUIRE.)

MRS. W. I have a *special* mission here to-day, dear Mrs. Sampson. All the ladies in the sewing circle are wondering why you do not join it. So I have appointed myself a committee of one (I am the president, you know) to inquire into your case. I *trust* you will not consider me *impertinent*, dear friend. But really let me press you, for after *this* we shall feel sadly disappointed if you are not with us next Wednesday.

J. You are very kind, indeed, Mrs. Williamson, but I do not believe I can get time.

MRS. W. *Oh*, you shall not disappoint us, *indeed* you shall not. And we *must* have that *splendid* husband of yours of evenings. We really *need* him.

J. (*much surprised*). Bob? Why, he never would go in the world.

MRS. W. Oh, he *must* come, indeed. The ladies just *insist*.

J Well, I didn't know before that anybody but me ever saw anything in Bob. I don't think I shall

dare let him go out alone evenings if all the ladies admire him so.

S. T. How is Mr. Sampson, now? Ahem!

J. Mr. Sampson? Pa Sampson? Oh, he's very well this fall, thank you. His rheumatism doesn't trouble him so much as it did.

S. T. H'm. I intended to inquire for your husband, Mr.—h'm—*Robert* Sampson.

J. Oh, Bob? Why, he's well. Nothing ever ails him.

S. T. . I am happy to hear it. Good health is indeed a great blessing. One that is very rarely appreciated. And now, about that little investment. Although my visit may seem—ah!—premature, still when we consider the auspicious—h'm—yes, really unparalleled events of the day—we must be allowed to overstep somewhat the usual bounds of ceremony. I presume, Mrs. Sampson, that you have already been informed of your good fortune?

J. (*vaguely*). Yes—

MRS. W. *Pardon* me for not congratulating you on that little circumstance. I had *really* forgotten it.

J. What circumstance? I wish you would tell me what you are talking about.

MRS. W. Ah! then you have not heard of the *legacy?*

S. T. (*hastily*). Sho! You have not been told, then, of Mr. Jacob Dutton's generosity?

J. Mrs. Martha Holland, who certainly ought to know, tells me that James Hanson, Jacob Dutton's sister's husband, received ten thousand dollars of the Dutton property.

S. T. and MRS. W. (*excitedly*). Who? Who?

J. James Hanson.

MRS. W. James *Hanson? What* an outlandish name; who ever heard of it before?

S. T. (*rising and much embarrassed*) Ahem! It seems that I have been misinformed.

MRS. W. (*aside*). And so have I. That deaf old

Betsey Baxter! What a scrape she has got me into!

S. T. (*going*). I beg ten thousand pardons, Jane, for my awkward blunder, hah! I—hope—er—you—er—will overlook it. H'm, h'm, give my respects to Bob. I wish you a very good afternoon.

J. (*with dignity*). Good afternoon. (*Exit* SQUIRE *hurriedly R.*)

MRS. W. (*rising and going*). *Really* I have stayed too long. I am quite *grieved* to tear myself away so unceremoniously; but I *must* go, indeed. *Good* afternoon.

J. (*accompanying her to the exit*). Good afternoon, Mrs. Williamson. (*Exit* MRS. WILLIAMSON. JANE *comes to C.*) Well, I declare, I am glad I am not rich, if this is the kind of visits rich folks have to endure. Fawning flatterers, who come to see my *money*, not *me!* Heigho! I hope they were pleased with the view. I never felt so awkward in my life. (*Enter* BOB *R., runs to meet him.*) Oh, you dear, darling, precious old Bob! Where have you been? Have you seen Martha?

B. (*taking her in his arms*). Yes, I've seen Martha, and she's set it all straight. What confounded fools we were; that is, *I* was.

J. And so was I. To think that a little money should so have turned my head. But what are we to do for supper? Everything in the oven must be burned to a coal and there's not another thing in the house to eat.

B. Martha sent word that we were to come up there to tea.

J. Did she? Bless her kind heart. She must have smelled the bread and potatoes burning. Mrs. Williamson did, I know.

B. Mrs. Williamson? Has she been here?

J. Yes, she and Squire Thorndike came to help me dispose of my property.

B. *What!* Both the grandees? Well, how do you like playing rich folks?

J. (*with a shrug*). Don't ask me. I prefer this. (*Stands with her hand on his arm.*)

CURTAIN.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

By M. D. S. (Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CHARACTERS.

GENERAL WERNER. CAPTAIN ERMAUN.
LIEUTENANT MUHLER. HANS, A CLOWNISH WAITER.
FITZ, A DANDIFIED SERVANT TO GENERAL WERNER.
CAPTAIN ERMAUN'S PAGE, "CARL."
FRANCO, A GYPSY, MUST BE ABLE TO SING WELL.
HELENA, CARLINA, } DAUGHTERS OF GENERAL WERNER.
LINDA, A GYPSY, MUST SING WELL.
GYPSIES, BOTH MEN AND WOMEN.

PROPERTIES.

Large screen; silver dollars; pen, ink and paper; feather duster; gentlemen's handkerchiefs; open letter; sealed letter with a smaller one enclosed.

COSTUMES.

GENERAL WERNER, dressing gown and slippers; CAPTAIN AND LIEUTENANT appropriate soldiers' uniform; HANS, ordinary waiter's dress; FITZ, as a servant but "dudish;" CARL, very full "knickerbockers," long military cape coming well below the knees, short, curly hair; FRANCO, velvet jacket trimmed with scarlet braid, dark knickerbockers; HELENA, handsome home dress; CARLINA, first appearance, a nun's dress, long, black cloak, close fitting black bonnet; second, handsome traveling costume; LINDA, loose blouse of scarlet silk, string of gay beads about her neck; hair in long braids tied with red ribbons; short, full skirt of black, profusely trimmed with scarlet or tinsel braid. This character and CARLINA'S must be taken by persons about the same height, as one is supposed to wear the other's nun's dress; GYPSIES, rough common clothes; the women with colored handkerchiefs about their heads; two children, BLANCHE AND ORTA, ragged.

SCENE I.*

Forest; stage in subdued light to represent twilight; Gypsy

* As it may not be convenient to set this scene, let it be announced simply that it is a forest scene.

camp; tents in background; men and women sitting about, variously employed. In the foreground is an old Gypsy asleep; singers are seated near her.

Enter FRANCO *R., comes down.*

ALL. Here is Franco. Now for a song, a song, a song. (FRANCO *comes to F. C. The other singers gather around him and dance lightly in time to his solo. They all join in singing the chorus, and give the last verse with much fervor and many passionate gestures.*)



SONG.

In the oakwood deep,
Where the echoes sleep
Till the gypsy chorus break,
Like the gay birds we,
Roving wild and free,
With our songs the tree-tops shake.

Chorus.—Tra la la-e-u, tra la la-e-u, tra la la-u;
Tra la la-e-u, tra la la-e-u, tra la la-e-u;
Tra la la-u.

Like the gay birds we,
Roving wild and free,
Choose our nest in the forest lone;
Our bed shall be
'Neath the broad oak tree,
And our pillow the moss-covered stone.

Chorus.—Tra la, etc.

Like the wild deer fleet,
Like the wild rose sweet,
Is the dark-browed gypsy maid;
We sing to her praise
In our gypsy lays,
That resound through the forest shade.

Chorus.—Tra la, etc.

We live but to roam,
All land is our home,
Where the warm sun pours his light;
No man do we harm,
Till he raise his right arm
To strike at the gypsy's right.

Chorus.—Tra la, etc.

OLD GYPSY (*sitting up and rubbing her eyes*). Now, children; it is time to scatter. Franco and Linda may go and tell fortunes at the Adler Hotel. Blanche and Orta, put on your ragged hoods and cloaks (*they put them on*), and go to ask charity at the shops; and the rest of you may hide about among the farmhouses, but don't come in each other's way. Be quiet, be courteous. Do kindness whenever you have opportunity, and make all the friends you can. Use no violence unless you are assaulted, and when you cannot

otherwise escape. Go, then. (*Exit* FRANCO *R.*, *whistling and dancing. Others follow, singing chorus of song.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

SCENE.—Parlor at the Adler, well furnished. Screens at *B. C.* Small table at *L. F.*, on which are pens, ink, and paper. Chair near table. Gay music from orchestra.

Enter FRANCO *and* LINDA *R.*, *dancing to music; come to F. C.*

FRANCO. Hush, Linda! They will hear us.

LINDA. Oh, no danger! They are all out on the piazza watching the soldiers come up!

F. (*looking about*). Now where shall I hide?

L. Not in a dusty place where you will be obliged to sneeze. (*They run about and peer everywhere; stop before a large screen placed at B. of C.*)

F. I think behind this screen will be the best place.

L. Suppose one of them should drop a piece of money, and it should roll under there, and they should go to look for it?

F. I should bring it out and give it to them, and say, "Here is your money, sir. I was just looking for my cap."

L. No fear of you. It is all owing to your assistance that I am the best fortune-teller in the country. Now, keep quiet, and listen well. (*Exit* LINDA *R.* FRANCO *retires behind screen.*)

Enter CAPTAIN ERMAUN, LIEUTENANT MUHLER *and* PAGE *L. While talking all come down,* PAGE *keeping near* CAPTAIN.

LIEUTENANT MUHLER. Thank heaven!

CAPTAIN ERMAUN. *Amen!* But for what in particular?

L. M. That the war is over, that peace is established, and that we are thus far on our way to home and Helena.

C. E. I prefer peace to war, and am glad to return home, though I have no lady-love to greet me there. (LINDA *appears, peeping in at the door R.*) I have no one in the world dearer to me than my old mother and this little page (*pats* CARL *on the head*), who, though he is a great coward and trembles at the sound of the cannon, is a kind and faithful boy to me.

L. M. I like your little page, too, because he was so kind to me when I was wounded, and because he so strikingly resembles Carlina, the young sister of my fiancée. (CARL *turns away.*)

C. E. Ah, yes! that pretty little girl—I remember to have seen her. Have they yet no news of her?

L. M. None whatever; they are still in great distress on her account. I have promised Helena that immediately after our marriage we will go in search of her. But come, let us go to our quarters. (*Moves toward L.*)

C. E. Carl, stay till we return. (*Exeunt* CAPTAIN *and* LIEUTENANT *L.*)

CARL (*coming to F. C.*). Oh, what shall I do? I am sure the Lieutenant has discovered me. He shall not expose me to the Captain. (LINDA *peeps in at the door R.*) I will tell my master myself, and throw myself upon his mercy. Perhaps he will still love me when he finds I am only Carlina. (LINDA *raps.*) Come in.

Enter LINDA *R., comes to F. C.*

L. Will the young gentleman (*humbly*) please to have his fortune told?

C. No, gypsy. I don't believe in fortune-telling; but here's money for you. I like your good-natured face. (*Hands coin.*)

L. Thank you, sir, but please (*persuasively*) let me tell your fortune; you'll find it will come true.

C. Very well, then; you may try it. (*Holds out his hand.* LINDA *takes it, looks at it, raises her eyes to heaven and bursts into a cheery laugh.*) What now?

L. Oh, what a beautiful little hand! Oh, what a happy fortune!

C. Tell it, then.

L. (*slowly*). You have been to the war; you have a kind master; you love him tenderly; you nursed him kindly when he was wounded; you are not brave; you tremble at the sound of cannon and dislike the smell of powder; but you are very good and gentle, and by and by your master will fall in love with you and marry you. (CARL *starts back and covers his face with his hands.* LINDA *claps her hands, laughs heartily, dances round him, snapping her fingers like castanets, and singing a snatch of song.*)

C. (*recovering*). Gypsy, how did you find that out?

L. Didn't I read it all in your beautiful little hand?

C. Incredible! But now, good gypsy, you have my secret, will you help me in my difficulty?

L. With all my heart, sweet Carlina.

C. What, you know my name, too? I'll give you all my money if you will help me in my difficulty.

L. Not for money, but for love, I and my brother Franco will help you. I will see you again. (*Runs out R. as* CAPTAIN ERMAUN *and* LIEUTENANT MUHLER *enter L. They cross over while talking.*)

C. E. Nice quarters our old hostess has prepared for us.

L. M. Yes. I hope the supper may be as good, for I am ravenously hungry.

Enter HANS *L.*

HANS. Will the gentlemen walk out to supper? (*Exeunt omnes L.*)

Enter LINDA *R.*, FRANCO *comes from behind screen. They come to F. C.*

F. Now, Linda, you see how it is; this page is the youngest sister, who has run away.

L. Yes, I really think so.

F. And now, Linda, I'll tell you how we will plan it. First, you will tell the gentlemen's fortunes when they

come in from supper. Then you must see the page, and tell him to tell his master that he is the twin brother of the missing young girl. That the father thinks that he is still at a distant school, that the sister knows he has run away, and will not betray him to her father, but has probably gone in search of him herself. We must make the Captain promise not to tell the Lieutenant of this, but ask him to help Helena search for her sister.

L. Well, then, what next?

F. Then you must take her away and lend her your nun's dress, and she must come to the Captain to inquire if he has seen anything of her brother.

L. (*clapping her hands*). Oh, I understand it all now. (*Lively music; they both dance about gaily.*)

F. (*suddenly*). Hush, there's someone coming. (*He crawls behind screen again.*)

Enter HANS *L.*

H. Hello there, baggage! What business have you here? (*Comes down.*)

L. (*courtesying*). Please, sir, I come to tell the gentlemen's fortunes.

H. You are come to steal. Off with you now.

L. (*persuasively*). Please, sir, there's nothing *here* to steal; but I'll tell you a beautiful fortune, sir.

H. Will you? You may then; you are a nice looking girl; how much shall I pay you for it?

L. No money, sir. I will do it for the sake of your handsome face, and your kindness to a poor gypsy girl.

H. (*comes to her and extends his hand*). So you shall, and I'll stand your friend for it. (LINDA *looks at his hand and sighs deeply.*) Come, be quick, before someone rings the bell for me.

L. There is a beautiful lady in a very grand castle, who loves you dearly. She cannot tell you so now, because you are only a servant. But by and by you will be a handsome gentleman. You will be kind to the

poor gypsies, and one and another of them will help you, and they will carry fine stories of you to the lady; and after a while you will marry her and live in the grand castle. (HANS *claps his hands and dances about the stage to lively music.* LINDA *imitates him.*)

Enter CAPTAIN ERMAUN, LIEUTENANT MUHLER *and* CARL *L. while they dance.* LINDA *and* HANS *exeunt quickly R.*

C. E. (*coming to F. C.* CARL *keeps near him.*) That boy seems to be economizing his leisure in practicing dancing.

L. M. (*sits at small table near L. F.*) He must have taken lessons of the bear in the garden. Now, I am going to write to Helena to inform her of my return; and shall I tell her that I will bring you with me?

C. E. Yes. It will be on my way to see my mother. (*A rap at the door.*)

L. M. Come in.

Enter LINDA *L., coming down slowly.*

L. Will the gentlemen permit me to tell their fortunes?

C. E. (*crosses over, followed by* CARL; *thus all stand near* LIEUTENANT MUHLER). Yes, I have nothing to do just now, you may tell mine.

L. (*looking at his hand a moment in silence*). You are a brave officer; you have no lady-love, but you shall have one before to-morrow—one who has loved you long. Within a week you shall be married to her, and live very happily.

L. M. (*clapping hands. All laugh heartily*). Bravo! Bravo!

C. E. (*handing a coin*). Here is money for that fine fortune.

L. Thank you, sir. And now, sir (*to* LIEUTENANT MUHLER. *He gives his hand*). You have been in the war; you were wounded; someone nursed you tenderly; you have a lady-love; soon you will be married to her and live very happily.

L. M. You little witch! You must have been listening at the keyhole.

L. (*indignant*). I, sir? Listen at a keyhole?

L. M. Well, well, I beg your pardon. Here is some money. (*Gives coin and then suddenly catches* CARL *by the arm.*) Now, you shall tell this boy's fortune.

C. (*shrinking back*). Oh, no! No, indeed.

L. (*smiling upon him*). Young gentleman, the poor gypsy girl can do you no harm.

C. (*giving hand*). Well, then, don't tell me a bad fortune.

L. (*reassuringly*). No bad fortune could come to so sweet a face. (*Studies his hand.*) You have some secret sorrow. You are afraid of everything—of swords, and guns, and all danger. (CAPTAIN *and* LIEUTENANT *laugh.* CARL *covers his face with his free hand.*)

C. E. Stop, gypsy! You are not going to tease my good boy.

L. Sir, I will not. (*To* CARL.) You are very honest and truthful. You love your master more than you will ever love any woman; and though you are not brave, yet for him you would die cheerfully.

C. E. (*agitated*). You have spoken the blessed truth this time, I believe. (CARL *nods assent, but covers his face with his handkerchief and weeps.*)

L. You will never leave your master, but will go with him to his home and serve him faithfully all your life.

C. (*joyfully*). Oh, thank you, good gypsy, thank you. You shall have all my money. (*Begins to feel in pockets.*)

C. E. No, Carl, let me pay her. That is as grateful intelligence to me as to yourself, supposing it were true. (*Gives coin to* LINDA.)

L. It *is* true, sir, and so you will find it. I wish you each a thousand blessings. (*Runs off R.* LIEUTENANT *and* CAPTAIN *turn away, but* CARL *looks after*

her. As she reaches exit she turns around and beckons to him, and then disappears.)

C. E. Ah! Who knows now, perhaps this gypsy girl is the one to rule my fate; how charming she is.

C. (*coming closer to him*). Dear sir, don't think of her. She is only a gypsy girl, and no doubt she has some brown gypsy lover, ready to fight you if you so much as glance at her.

C. E. No doubt, no doubt. Well I believe I will go to my room and write a letter to my mother.

L. M. (*rising*). No, you write here. This fol-de-rol has changed my mood, and I will not write just yet. (*Exit L.*)

C. E. (*taking seat at table*). Carl, you may have an hour or two to yourself if you like it.

C. Thank you, sir. (*Takes cap from floor and exit R.* FRANCO *crawls from behind screen and follows noiselessly.* CAPTAIN *writes busily for a minute or two* (*soft music*), *and then speaks.*)

C. E. Poor, dear mother! How glad she'll be to see her only child again! I wish I had a good, pretty young wife to take home to her, one as gentle and as quiet as Carl. This Bohemian? Bah! She's only a gypsy, and of course has a lover. (*Enter* CARL *R., noiselessly and comes to him.*) No, no! Carl shall stay with me, and I'll have no wife. (*Looks up and sees* CARL *standing with his cap in his hand.*) So you shall, Carlo mein. Have you something to say to me?

C. Yes, sir, if I do not interrupt you, but please do not tell the Lieutenant what I am going to tell you.

C. E. I will not tell him.

C. His fiancée is my own sister, Helena.

C. E. Impossible!

C. Yes, sir; and that young Carlina who has run away is of the same age as myself; she looks exactly like me; she loves me as her own soul, and probably knows that I have run away from school; she does not betray me to my father, but she will search for me until she finds me. Will you help me to seek her?

C. E. (*taking* CARL'S *hand*). Why, of course I will. How could I refuse such a request? Did I not see her the evening I passed at your father's house?

C. Yes, sir; she sat away in a corner with me.

C. E. I recollect seeing her, but not you.

C. But I saw you, sir, and I resolved to follow you to tne war. And Carlina! Oh, how she admired you, sir! She said she would like to go over the world with you—all for love.

C. E. (*rising*). Did she? Did she? And she is like you, and is Helena's sister? My boy (*putting his arm around his shoulders*), we'll find her.

C. Oh, thank you so much, sir. Now, if you please, I will take my walk while you write your letter. (*Runs out R.*)

C. E. (*reseating himself and taking up pen*). Carl's talk has upset me so, I no longer feel like writing, but I must finish this letter. (*Writes a few minutes, during which music.*) No, I cannot do it. (*Throws down pen.*) I have written the word "Carlina" three times during the last few lines. Mother will think I am insane if I send her this letter. (*Crumples the paper in his hands, throws it on the floor, rises and crosses over and back again.*) It is strange how those few words of Carl's ring in my ears, "She would like to go over the world for you—all for love." Some men might not care for a love thus given unasked, but it is a joy and comfort to me. (*Rap at the door.*) Come in.

Enter HANS *L.*

H. A young lady wishes to see you.

C. E. (*amazed*). Donner und blitzen! A young lady?

H. I think she is a nun, sir.

C. E. (*comes down*). Well, show her in. (*Exit* HANS *L.*) Who in the world can it be? Ah, if it might only be the sweet Carlina! (*Sighs.*)

Enter CARLINA L. *The* CAPTAIN *advances. They meet L. F.*

CARLINA. Have I the honor to address Captain Ermaun?

C. E. My name is Ermaun. Can I be of service to you?

C. Perhaps. I have heard that you have with you a boy named Carl, who—who—who resembles me.

C. E. (*excitedly*). Are you his sister, Carlina?

C. I am Carlina; where is my dearest Carl?

C. E. He has just gone for a short walk! Sit down, my dear young lady (*takes her hand to lead her to the chair L. F.*), and I will call Lieutenant Muhler.

C. (*drawing back*). Oh, no, no, no. Let me only see my dear Carl!

C. E. But surely you would like to see Lieutenant Muhler.

C. (*agitated*). Yes, sir—yes, sir—but not now; only let me see Carl. I cannot wait any longer; please send him to me at once; here is my address. (*Gives a card.*) Farewell, sir. (*Exit L. hurriedly.*)

C. E. How strange she will not see Lieutenant Muhler; and Carl does not wish the Lieutenant to know about *him*. Something is wrong. I cannot comprehend it. Why is it that I never heard of Helena's brother before? There's something wrong. (*Walks up and down with hands behind him.*) Something wrong; a mystery somewhere.

Enter CARL *R.*

C. (*coming down*). I tell you this is a fine place, and I have had a most delightful walk. (*Comes to C.*)

C. E. (*approaching him*). Carl, my boy, somebody has called to see you.

C. Me, sir?

C. E. Yes, a lady. Now, don't faint. (*Puts arm around him.*) Steady, now.

C. (*faintly and clinging to him*). Who was it, sir?

C. E. Steady, now! There! It was your sister, Carlina, the image of yourself. Come, come with me to find her. (*Exeunt running L.* FRANCO *peeps in R.*,

then runs in, glancing cautiously about, sees bunch of paper on floor, picks it up, straightens it out, looking cautiously around and listening all the while, reads letter, shrugs his shoulders and grimaces frequently, crumples it up and throws it on the floor again with many chuckles and expressive gestures—good opportuuity for pantomime; music during this "business;" seems to hear footsteps, and secretes himself as before.)

Enter HANS *R., with dusting brush, and begins to dust; sees paper on floor near table, picks it up, straightens it out, and reads.*

H. "My Dearest Mother: Your soldier boy is coming back to you"—oh, don't I wish I was a soldier. Wouldn't I just charm that beautiful lady in the grand castle. I shall be the friend of all the gypsies. I stole a sausage this evening for that pretty girl that told my fortune. I wonder how it would seem to be a soldier. (*Lays letter on table.*) Let's see. (*Uses the brush as a gun.*) Forward! March! Stop, halt! (*Marches across the stage at first two words, stops at the others, repeats and marches back to table again, goes through the "manual of arms," but mixes it up sadly.* FRANCO *peeps out at him, grinning.* LINDA *watches him from R. entranee with silent laughter and grimaces.* HANS *suddenly appears to hear someone coming, and rushes off R.* LINDA *comes running in. They meet near exit.*)

L. (*putting her hand on his arm*). Come, now, Hans, give me a pie for my little supper, and I'll tell you what the beautiful lady said about you last week. (*Whispers in his ear.*)

H. Did she truly? (LINDA *nods.*) Come on, I'll give you a roast fowl. (*Exeunt R.*)

Enter LIEUTENANT *L.*

L. M. (*looking around, passes near screen*). What! all gone, and I declare, there is the Captain's letter left open on the table! How careless. Well, no one can read it while I am here. (FRANCO *reaches out and*

pulls his handkerchief from his pocket.) This gentle little Carl! (*Walks slowly to C., with his head down, reflecting.*) Yes, I am sure! He always shrinks from my glance, and how he shuns me. Yes, it must be so; he is Carlina, disguised. Strange I did not think of it long ago. I'll call Hans. (*Goes to bell.*)

Enter HANS *R.*

(*Returning to F. C.*) Were is Captain Ermaun?

H. He has gone out with his boy. There was a lady in black come to see him a while ago. I heard her say her name was Carlina. Maybe you know her.

L. M. You may go. (*Exit* HANS *R.*)

Enter CAPTAIN *L.*

L. M. So, Captain, you've found my lady's sister, Carlina?

C. E. (*amazed, comes to F. C.*). What?

L. M. And where is she? And where is Carl?

C. E. She came to see Carl, and he was out.

L. M. Ah! What then?

C. E. I took *him* to see *her* and *she* was out.

L. M. And what next?

C. E. I left him waiting for her.

L. M. Then you did not see them together?

C. E. No, I did not.

L. M. And you never will. (*Laughs heartily and crosses over and back.*)

C. E. (*angry*). And pray, sir, why not?

L. M. Because there is but one of them, and that one is Carlina.

C. E. Impossible! Where is the brother, Carlina's twin!

L. M. He died in infancy. Can't you see that this poor, infatuated girl has followed you all for love?

C. E. Bless her! Bless her! Can it be so?

L. M. (*going quickly to extreme L. F.*). Ask her yourself. I think I hear her coming.

Enter CARL *L., running.*

C. (*out of breath*). Oh, I have seen my darling Car-

lina. (*Comes to F. C. and sees* LIEUTENANT; *starts back much confused.*)

L. M. (*coming to F. C. smiling*). Oh, you have found her? I am overjoyed. Take me to her at once, I beg of you.

C. (*turning his back upon them and going quickly up C.*). I cannot now; indeed, I cannot; do not press me to.

C. E. (*eagerly*). But take *me* to see her, dear Carl. I have fallen in love with her, and if she will consent, I will marry her to-morrow, and be the happiest man in the country. (CARL *turns around and comes down slowly to F. C.*)

L. M. (*takes* CARL'S *hand*). Here she is, Captain. This is no longer Carl, but Carlina. (CAPTAIN *opens his arms.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.

A library at GENERAL WERNER'S home; HELENA and her father discovered seated, HELENA *R. F.*, GENERAL *L. F.*; HELENA holds open letter; arm chair at *L. F.*, near GENERAL'S chair.

HELENA. Dear father, you must not grieve so about Lina. I have just been reading over her farewell letter, and she speaks so confidently of returning soon that I should not be surprised to see her at any time.

GENERAL (*sighing deeply*). I wish she might soon return.

Enter FRITZ *R.*

FRITZ. Sir, there are two strange people who wish to speak to you.

G. Show them in. (FRITZ *withdraws R., and returns in a moment with* LINDA *and* FRANCO.)

L. (*courtesies and comes modestly to* GENERAL). Please, sir, let me tell your fortune?

G. (*looking at her attentively before answering*). Really, I will, for the pleasure of looking at you meanwhile; we don't often see such a happy young face.

L. (*studies the hand*). There is a heavy trouble on your heart, sir; you have borne it a long time; this night your sorrow is to be removed—you are to be perfectly happy again.

G. Why, that is worth a piece of silver (*gives her coin*), whether it comes true or not.

L. Thank you, sir. (*Crosses to* HELENA.) And now, young lady. (HELENA *gives her hand.* LINDA *studies it long and carefully.*) Lady, a brave young soldier is coming, whose bride you will become. He has been in the battle, stricken down, and wounded nigh unto death; but the sight of your face, and the assurance of your love will compensate him for all his sufferings. (HELENA *bursts into tears.* GENERAL *rises, gives another coin to* LINDA, *and goes to bell.* FRITZ *enters R. instantly.*)

G. Take these young people down stairs and give them a good supper. (*The* GENERAL *turns to comfort* HELENA, *while* FRITZ *leads out* LINDA *R*, FRANCO *following when he has abstracted the* GENERAL'S *handkerchief. In a moment* FRITZ *re-enters and hands a letter to the* GENERAL.) Ah, from the Lieutenant. (*Opens it and gives the enclosure to his daughter; returns to his seat, L. F. Music while they read this letter.*)

H. (*springing up*). Oh, father, he is coming to-day, and will bring with him Captain Ermaun and his bride. I must go prepare for them. (*Exit R.*)

G. (*resting head on his hand and sighing deeply*). Will this heavy sorrow be removed as the gypsy said? Alas, it can only be done by the return of my lost child.

Enter FRITZ *R., comes to C.*

FRITZ. Please, sir, I am afraid these gypsies are very dangerous people; the boy has your handkerchief hanging out of his pocket.

G. (*preoccupied*). Well, well, get them away as soon as you can.

FRITZ. I will, sir. (*Going.*)

G. (*laughing*). Stop, Fritz! You have my handkerchief hanging at your back.

FRITZ. (*turning about*). Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but that gypsy must have put it there. (*After many gyrations he pulls the handkerchief off and hands it to the* GENERAL.)

G. (*laughing*). Of course the gypsy did it. Send them away at once.

FRITZ. With the extremest pleasure, sir. (*Exit R.*)

Enter HELENA *R.*

H. All is ready for our friends. I have arranged a little supper (*goes to L. and looks off*), and—oh, here they are. (*Runs off L., followed slowly by the* GENERAL.)

Enter FRANCO *R., whistling and dancing,* LINDA *following. They run about and peep into everything, then hide themselves behind screen, R. Enter* GENERAL *L., leading* CARLINA, *veiled.* CAPTAIN, LIEUTENANT *and* HELENA *following.*

G. Madame Ermaun, I am delighted that you honor us with your company. Let me place you in this arm chair. (*Seats her L.*)

H. Madame Ermaun, allow me to remove your hat. (*Lifts the veil.*) Oh, Lina! Sister! (*Throws arms around her.* CARLINA *arises and embraces her.*)

G. What! My lost child! (*Holds her to his heart.*) Is it possible? (FRANCO *and* LINDA *slip from behind screen and dance unnoticed behind them all.*) It was true, after all, what the good little gypsy told me. I wish she was here to witness the fulfillment of this prophecy. (*Turns and sees* FRANCO *and* LINDA *standing demurely behind them.*) Why, here they are.

C. E. What, my little gypsy—and her lover, to be sure. Well, I wish you as much happiness as you have truly predicted for me.

C. (*springing forward and throwing her arms around* LINDA). Oh, my good fairy! It was you who counseled me, and assisted me in my difficulties. And now

you must come and live with me, you and your lover.

L. (*laughing*). Oh, thank you, kindly, lady, but Franco is my brother, and we cannot breathe long away from the forest.

F. No, madame; we thank you, but we can live no life but the roving one to which we were born.

C. Then you must let us be your friends, and come to us if you are ever in trouble or need.

L. (*taking her hand and kissing it*). Thank you, thank you; and so I will.

F. (*kissing her hand*). Thank you, madame; we can never forget your kind words.

C. E. Now, my little gypsy girl, can you not give us a song? (LINDA *and* FRANCO *come to F. C.; the others dispose themselves comfortably about the room.*)



SONG.

The forest broad, the forest old,
With branches waving free,

Where wild birds sing,
Where sweet flowers spring,
No other home have we.
When angry storms its silence break,
No lonelier place can be;
Yet still we love the forest old,
No other home have we.

Chorus.—Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Tra la, tra la, tra la.

The convent rears its massive tower
To heaven all in vain;
The wandering eye, the weary heart
Its sacred rest profane.
Within the old cathedral wood
A kindly presence thrills;
A voice is in the waving pines,
An echo from the hills.

Chorus.—Tra la, etc.

(*All applaud.*)

G. You must at least stay and share our hospitality to-night.

L. And if you like, sir, we will sing and dance for you after supper.

F. (*to* LIEUTENANT, *who is sitting beside* HELENA). I believe, sir, this is your handkerchief that I have found.

L. M. (*regarding it suspiciously from a distance*). You may keep it, my boy.

F. Thank you, sir. (*Leads* LINDA *to F. C. and addresses audience.*) If there are any persons here who would like to have their fortunes told, or their handkerchiefs found, the poor gypsies are entirely at their service. (*Grand tableau with* FRANCO *and* LINDA *in center,* CAPTAIN *and* CARLINA *on one side,* LIEUTENANT *and* HELENA *on the other, and the* GENERAL *and* FRITZ *at either end. Music.*)

CURTAIN.

PART II.

For Boys and Girls.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

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CHARACTERS.

MR. CHIPPLE, A BROKEN-DOWN MERCHANT AND INVALID.
EDWARD, HIS SON, A LAD OF THIRTEEN.
HARRY LOFTON, A RETURNED CALIFORNIAN, FORMERLY A BOY IN MR. CHIPPLE'S STORE.
LANDLORD.

PROPERTIES.

Footstool, table, glass, newspaper, cane, legal documents, pipe, matches, bottle of medicine and teaspoon, pen and ink, money (bills and silver), miscellaneous papers.

SCENE.—A poorly furnished room; small bare table and two chairs at *F. C.*; small table *B. C.*

Enter MR. CHIPPLE *L.*, *leaning on* EDWARD'S *shoulder; comes to F. C.*

MR. CHIPPLE. Oh, ah! (*With a grimace of pain, pressing his hand on his side.*)

EDWARD. You are worse, dear father.

MR. C. Oh, no! Better, better! I shall soon wear out this rheumatism (*aside*), if it doesn't wear me out.

E. I wish I could help you.

MR. C. You do, you do, Edward! You are my comfort, my support,

E. I will be when I can get something to do. Yesterday I went to all your old friends I could find, but

'twas the same with them as with the rest, they *hoped* I'd find a place, but they had nothing for me. It seemed hard when I thought of you. (*With emotion.*)

MR. C. Never mind, my boy. (*Seats himself at F. C.*) Oh! Ah! Well, well! But it *was* hard! I have helped more than one of them out of trouble in my day, and—'m, that leg! (*stretches it out with difficulty*)—one would think they might have done something for my son.

E. (*places his father's feet on a footstool*). I'll try again to-day. I'll find some business, if it's only that of a rag-picker. (*Arranges glass and newspaper on table and places latter closer to his father's elbow while talking.*)

MR. C. There is one who would not give you the cold shoulder—'m! Oh!—if you could only go to him.

E. Who is it? I'll go at once.

MR. C. But you can't, you know. I mean dear Harry Lofton. He's thousands of miles away. I don't know why, but I think of him constantly this morning. Such a bright, frank young face—but that was twelve years ago. He is a man now, yet I can think of him only as a lad like you.

E. (*going to table B. C. and bringing articles therefrom*). Well, father, I must leave you now for an hour. Here's your pipe and some matches when you want to smoke. And your medicine, don't forget to take it, and here's your newspaper. (*A loud knock.*) Who can that be?

MR. C. The landlord for his rent, I suppose; it is due to-day.

Enter LANDLORD *R., wearing hat and carrying cane; catches last words of* MR. CHIPPLE.

LANDLORD (*comes down*). Yes, sir; due this morning. (*Takes paper from his hat.*)

MR. C. You are prompt, sir!

L. (*puts hat on his head again; holds cane under his*

arm). I am, sir, and I trust I shall find you prompt. (*Hands paper.*) Shall I receipt?

MR. C. A chair, Edward. (EDWARD *places chair.*) Be seated.

L. I have no time to lose. (*Stands holding out paper.* EDWARD *shakes his fist at him behind his back.*)

MR. C. We are old acquaintances, Mr. Tilt.

L. Don't count on that, sir.

MR. C. I do not. But I can't help (*changes position in chair*)—ah! 'm!—recalling a little scene that took place in my counting-room seven years ago. You were not quite so prompt then as you appear to be this morning. You owed me a small debt, then due. You came to ask for longer time in which to pay it. I gave you all the time you asked.

L. (*struts about indignantly and waving his cane pompously*). I did not call here to be insulted. (EDWARD *mocks him in pantomime.*)

MR. C. Nor do I mean to insult you. But, as I said, I am curiously reminded of that scene. You took off your hat then. If I asked you to be seated, you were grateful; you were not pressed for time. Do you remember?

L. What has all that to do with this? (*Shakes paper in* MR. CHIPPLE'S *face.*)

MR. C. Nothing; only one good turn deserves another, Mr. Tilt. I gave you time; give me time and I'll manage somehow to pay you this little bill for rent.

L. I'll give you half an hour. In half an hour I shall call again. (*Stalks out R.* EDWARD *imitates him, and follows him to exit.*)

MR. C. (*as* LANDLORD *disappears*). Edward! Edward! Be civil, even to your enemy.

E. I wanted to put my fist into him!

MR. C. That would have done no good. Yet I can hardly blame you. How he did fawn and cringe when he came to ask a favor of me! And now (*moves in his chair*)—oh! Ah!

E. (*mocking the* LANDLORD). I'll give you half an hour! In half an hour I shall call again! (*A knock.*) That isn't *his* knock! (*Runs to the door R.*)

Enter HARRY LOFTON *R.*

HARRY LOFTON. Can you tell me where Mr. Chipple—Mr. Amos Chipple, lives?

E. This is the place, sir.

MR. C. That's my name.

H. L. (*regards him with astonishment*). You, sir! Mr. Chipple!

MR. C. What is left of me. What can I do for you, sir? Pray be seated. (HARRY *sits near* MR. CHIPPLE.)

H. L. (*aside*). He doesn't know me. (*Aloud.*) I called to inquire—I knew you years ago. (*With emotion.*) Is this your son?

MR. C. That is my Edward; and a blessing he is to me.

E. Good-bye, father. (*Going R.*)

MR. C. Good-bye, my boy! (*Exit* EDWARD *R. His father gazes earnestly after him.*) Pardon me! He never leaves me but I think, "What if he should never come back?" Do sit down. It's a comfort to have a friend look in—though I can't recall your name.

H. L. You are changed, too. Your son is a fine-looking lad.

MR. C. He is the grief of my heart!

H. L. Grief, sir?

MR. C. Aye, because I cannot do more for him. He was at school; no boy ever took more delight in his books; he was all ambition. And, sir, just as he should have been entering the high school—but it's no use repeating a sad story!

H. L. Yes, I am deeply interested. Have you other children?

MR. C. A daughter—oh! ah!—(I am racked with rheumatism, sir), married to a most extraordinary man.

H. L. How so?

MR. C. He has genius, sir; absolutely genius!

H. L. Genius—for what?

MR. C. For getting himself and everybody else into trouble. His talents that way are truly wonderful!

H. L. Not a very desirable quality in a son-in-law!

MR. C. I set him up in business three times. But it was like setting up ten-pins to be bowled down again. At last—ah! (*Moving his leg.*)

H. L. He involved you in his ruin!

MR. C. The worst of it was, exposure on a journey which I made in the winter to help him out of his difficulty gave me this terrible—'m! ah! I'm as full of pain as a quiver full of arrows.

H. L. Do you have medical attendance?

MR. C. Not much! How can I afford that when I can't even pay my rent? I'm past mending, a perfect wreck—health, fortune, everything gone. Only Edward left. He has never complained, but I know how hard it was for him to leave school and devote himself to me!

H. L. A noble boy! But you had another—an adopted son, I believe?

MR. C. You mean Harry—Harry Lofton?

H. L. That was his name. He was a poor boy when you discovered him.

MR. C. Such a ragged little fellow as he was! He came into my counting-room one day and asked for employment. "Won't it do if I give you a dollar?" said I. "Thank you," said he, "but I'd rather you'd give me work so I can earn a dollar." "Where is your father?" I asked. Said he, "I haven't any father," and his eyes fell. "And your mother?" said I, rather suspiciously. "My mother is a good woman," said he proudly. "It isn't her fault that I am ragged. We are very poor, and she is sick, and when she can sew at all, she has to sew for the shops." (HARRY *covers his eyes with his hands.*) The story touches you, sir?

H. L. Go on. I knew something of what you did for that boy.

MR. C. I couldn't turn him away. "Take this hatchet," I said, "make kindlings of those old boxes in the yard, and you shall have your dollar."

H. L. (*warmly*). If you had offered me a kingdom (MR. CHIPPLE *looks surprised;* HARRY *checks himself.*)—I could not be made so happy as I dare say you made that poor little boy!

MR. C. You would say so if you could have seen him as he ran off with the hatchet. He made lively music with it all the forenoon. Then, once more, he showed his bright face in the counting-room.

H. L. (*quickly*). And you thought he had come for his dollar!

MR. C. (*staring at his guest in surprise*). Yes. "You've come for your pay," said I. "No, sir. I've come to ask you to look at the kindlings first, and then to give me my money if I have earned it." What could you do with a boy like that?

H. L. When you looked at the kindlings and said, "Bravo! Well done, my boy"—(*checks himself again*) if you did say so.

MR. C. (*looking astonished and puzzled*). I believe that is exactly what I said.

H. L. And that pleased him, I warrant.

MR. C. Pleased isn't the word. He took the dollar, and hugged it, and said, "Oh, won't my mother be glad!" What *could* you do with a boy like that? "What is your name?" said I. "Harry," said he. "Harry Lofton." "Well, Harry," said I, "it is true, as I said, that I have no place in my store for you, but I'll make a place." He burst into tears. I have never forgotten that moment. I never wish to forget it.

H. L. (*warmly*). Nor he, he never forgot it (MR. CHIPPLE *looks surprised, and* HARRY *checks himself as before*)—that is, if he is the boy I take him for. He proved faithful, I trust?

MR. C Faithful to his mother, till she died; faithful to me, as long as he stayed with me. He never shirked a duty, and he never deceived me in anything. He was like my own son.

H. L. But he left you?

MR. C. When he had been with me five years his health declined; he seemed to be going the way his mother went. She, poor thing, was consumptive. The doctor prescribed a sea voyage. So we parted. I have never seen Harry Lofton since!

H. L. But you must have heard from him?

MR. C. Yes, he landed in California, and the climate agreeing with him, he concluded to remain. He wrote to me for awhile, but it is now two years since his letters stopped coming. He has grown rich, I hear.

H. L. Ah! Strange how soon men in prosperity forget their benefactors.

MR. C. Never charge my Harry with ingratitude! If he stopped writing it was business cares prevented me from answering his letters. And, no doubt, he has cares of his own.

H. L. But if he is prosperous he should now do something for you. "*One good turn deserves another.*"

MR. C. That's true, though everyone doesn't think so. If it could only be in his way now to do for my son what I did for him! But that's out of the question; a continent lies between us.

Re-enter EDWARD *R., hastily.*

E. (*comes down*). I saw the landlord coming this way, and I hurried home ahead of him. I'll lock him out. (*Returns R.*)

MR. C. No, no, Edward; come back. That won't pay the rent.

E. (*returning to F. C.*). Then he will turn us out.

Enter LANDLORD *R.*, EDWARD *despairingly turns away and goes up C.* HARRY *follows and they confer aside.*

L. (*coming down*). Half hour is up.

MR. C. I am no richer than I was half an hour ago, I am sorry to say.

L. Then you will not pay?

MR. C. If you will not grant us a few days' grace—

L. Not a day!

E. (*receiving money from* LOFTON). Oh, thank you! Thank you! (*To the* LANDLORD, *coming down.*) Let me look at that bill, if you please. (*Comes to L. C., receives paper.*) All right, sir, all right. (*Spreads paper out on table.*) Please sign.

L. (*taking pen*). I *thought* you could raise the money.

E. (*flings it on the table*). There it is. (LANDLORD *receipts bill, folds it and throws it on table, and then takes a bundle of papers from his pocket, which he looks over.*)

MR. C. Edward, how came you by that?

E. Our kind friend here. (HARRY LOFTON *comes down*).

MR. C. Kind, indeed! What miracle brought you to our relief?

H. L. Do you remember one of your favorite maxims used to be, "*One good turn deserves another?*" You instilled that principle of action into the heart of Harry Lofton, and he has never forgotten it.

MR. C. But, sir—

H. L. When you took him into your service, and paid his mother's rent. Now, I take your son into my service, and—*one good turn*, you know.

MR. C. (*much excited*). Bless my heart! Is it—can it be—

H. L. (*holding out both hands*). Don't you know me?

MR. C. (*rising and taking his hands*). Harry! Harry Lofton! My own Harry! Why, you dear boy! You—oh, ah! (*Claps hand on side.*)

H. L. I *have* prospered, as you heard. But all I have and all I am I owe to you. As soon as I heard

of your misfortunes I wrote to you, then started immediately, and it appears I have arrived before my letter.

MR. C. Brave Harry! Just like you, Harry! Edward, this is Harry Lofton.

H. L. Your brother Harry! (EDWARD *and* HARRY *clasp hands,* LANDLORD *bows obsequiously, removing hat, which had been perched on back of his head.*)

L. (*extending hand*). Allow me. (*Shakes hands with* HARRY.) You have got rich out there in California, I hear. Rejoiced, I am sure. Mr. Chipple, I congratulate you! (*Shakes* MR. CHIPPLE'S *hand.*) I beg you will continue to occupy this house as long as you please.

H. L. As you have warned him out once, Mr. Chipple notifies you in return that he leaves your house within an hour. I have better lodgings already provided for him. Come, Father Chipple. I have a carriage at the door. You must take your rheumatism out of this damp, unwholesome house the first thing. (*Lifts* MR. CHIPPLE *up.*)

MR. C. Edward, isn't this wonderful?

L. (*bowing obsequiously*). Good day, good day, friends! (*Exit R.*)

E. (*supporting him on one side,* HARRY LOFTON *on the other*). You have two to lean on now, father.

MR. C. My son Edward, my son Harry. This is too much, too much, Harry. (*They walk on slowly R.*)

H. L. No, it's simple justice, since *one good turn always deserves another.*

CURTAIN.

THE CHOSEN PRINCESS.

By Marion Douglas. (Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CHARACTERS.

KING, SERVANT, ATTENDANT,
FIRST MAIDEN, SECOND MAIDEN, THIRD MAIDEN,
FOURTH MAIDEN.

NOTE.—One of the MAIDENS should be able to sing well.

COSTUMES.

KING, rich black costume, knee trousers, black silk stockings, long black robe fashioned like a cloak. ATTENDANT, black velvet suit, knee trousers, black velvet cap, with long black plumes. SERVANT, black suit, but plain. FIRST MAIDEN, print dress of gay color, elaborately trimmed with cheap lace, straw hat, covered with tinsel and gaudy flowers, white cotton mitts and red parasol of same material. SECOND MAIDEN, elaborate street suit, showy and rich. THIRD MAIDEN, street costume, somewhat worn and border. ing on the "shabby." FOURTH MAIDEN, shabby dress, but clean and whole, head bare, hair flowing.

PROPERTIES.

Handsome plush arm-chair, large screen, showy silk purse full of gold coins. Flat brass buttons may be used to imitate the coins.

SCENE.—A room in the palace of the KING.

The KING *and* ATTENDANT *discovered, the former seated in a despondent attitude in elegant arm-chair at C., the latter walking about the stage.*

ATTENDANT (*coming down*). This is a pleasant palace, your majesty.

KING (*pensively*). Once I thought so; but since my daughter's death it seems the gloomiest place in all my kingdom.

A. Well it may. For in all the land there was not so fair a maiden as the Princess Elenore, the lily of the realm.

K. A "lily" truly, in the purity of her life. I cannot speak of her beauty. To a father's eye a duteous child is always beautiful. But this I know, death never gave to God a truer, gentler soul than hers. But she is gone.

A. Yes, but to bemoan your loss is to regret her blessedness.

K. I would not call her back; but still I miss her glad presence, and the Queen, her mother, sitting alone, grows pale and thin grieving for her child. As I have often said to you, if I could find, it matters not in what rank, some young girl whom I could know with certainty to be possessed of a quick mind and warm, true heart, one who, appreciating her advantages, would yet bear the advancement meekly (true modesty and dignity are one), I would take her to my palace, make her the companion of my Queen, and let her share the pleasure and the honor which, had she lived, would have been the portion of the Princess Elenore.

A. I have thought much of your majesty's desire. Happier than most monarchs, not your crown alone, but you, its wearer, are revered and loved. The mere utterance of your thought would color all the dreams of every maiden and of every maiden's parents in the land.

K. There lies my trouble. I dare not breathe my wish aloud, for if I should my halls and courtways would at once be filled with such a throng it would be past endurance. Counsel is good, but, in choosing a princess from among my people, I wish to make my own selection, and I am so far removed from familiar intercourse with my subjects that I know not how to make that choice judicious. A fair young face is lovely in its way, but more to be desired is a faithful soul that would cling to me if my throne should fall and my crown pass from me.

A. There is one touchstone for the human heart, a test for either sex and every age, and that is gold. It has power to make the soldier forget his honor, the lover his moonlight dreams, the monk his holy books and all their teachings. Give me—just listen—for the next two hours the free use of your royal purse, and I will show to you, as in a magic glass, the character,

at least a glimpse of the true character, of the first four girls passing down the street.

K. (*takes purse from pocket and hands to* ATTENDANT). Take and use it at your pleasure. I know that gold or words were never used by you unwisely, and yet I scarce have confidence in your success.

A. (*putting purse in pocket*). Pardon, your majesty! I know your wishes, and I have anticipated your consent. I have already been out and bidden to the palace the first four maidens that I met. One, the first, was a young country girl, red-cheeked and gayly-dressed, as if she had come in to spend a festival in town. Close behind her came another, in plainer but in somewhat costlier attire, seemingly the daughter of some rich trader in the town. The third was older than the others, a girl with dark, keen eyes. Last of all was a street singer. Just as they came, I bade them enter, and now in the small room that opens on the court they all await my summons. Meanwhile, let me, I pray, entreat your majesty to conceal yourself behind this screen, where, unseen, you can see and silent hear each word that may be spoken.

K. I wait your pleasure. 'Tis a new thing for me to play the part of listener. (KING *retires behind screen R., visible to audience but unseen from stage.* ATTENDANT *steps to rear of stage as if touching bell, then returns leisurely to F. C.*)

Enter SERVANT *and* FIRST MAIDEN *L.* FIRST MAIDEN *comes to F. C.,* SERVANT *retires up C. and waits.*

A. I called you here because the King, our gracious sovereign, whose highest pleasure is to confer pleasure upon his subjects, has given to me, as his dispenser, his royal purse. Choose what thing or things you wish, in value not exceeding forty ducats, and if it can be bought, made or found, it shall be yours before to-morrow night. Accept it as a present from the King.

FIRST MAIDEN. All for my own? Oh, the good, good King!

A. So say we all; but what gift will you choose?

F. M. What gift? I want so many things! I want—I want—a necklace; no, a pair of ear-rings, with bright yellow stones to twinkle in my ears like stars! And then I want a gown, blue, and trimmed with lace; no, pink—pink as a morning cloud! No, white—white as the snow! And yet I want a pink gown, too. Can you tell me how many gowns and ear-rings can be bought with forty ducats?

A. I cannot say. One or six, it may be either.

F. M. And then I want a fan! I saw one once—a great lady carried it, made from the feathers of some curious bird, the loveliest thing in all the world! And then—oh, I do want a necklace after all! A jeweled necklace and a kerchief trimmed with lace, and a red—

A. Ah, my pretty maid, no forty ducats could purchase half you wish. But the ear-rings and the pink gown, all trimmed around with lace, if you tell us where, shall be sent you by to-morrow night.

F. M. (*clapping her hands*). Oh, I will come for them myself! I cannot wait! I wish to-morrow night was here!

A. (*to* SERVANT). Show the maiden out through the courtyard. (SERVANT *and* FIRST MAIDEN *go to L. entrance.*)

F. M. (*turning around*). Thank the King for me, and tell him that I think he is the best and wisest king since Solomon; and if—if you don't mind, after all, I'll have a blue gown instead of a pink one. (*Exeunt* SERVANT *and* FIRST MAIDEN.)

K. (*comes to F. C. from behind the screen*). The charm works well.

A. Ay, does it not? Was she your chosen princess?

K. My chosen princess? That pretty summer butterfly, who thinks I am the wisest king since Solomon? No. I will wait the coming of the next.

A. She will be here directly. (KING *returns to place behind screen.*)

Enter SERVANT *and* SECOND MAIDEN *L.* SERVANT *retires as before, and* SECOND MAIDEN *comes to F. C.*

A. I called you here because our gracious sovereign, whose highest pleasure it is to confer pleasure upon his subjects, has given to me, as his dispenser, his royal purse. Choose what you will, in value not exceeding forty ducats, and accept it as a present from the King.

SECOND MAIDEN (*holding up her head and crosses over and back proudly*). A present from the King to me? I thought it probable his majesty had known of me, but this is a pleasure I had not expected.

A. How should the King have known of you?

S. M. (*haughtily*). How? Most people have. My father is a man of note, a merchant in the town. St. Peter's cock is painted on his sign. We are no common family; but this, as I said before, is a great honor, even for us.

A. The King judges men by their worth, not their wealth; their deeds, not their possessions. But choose what gift you wish.

S. M. Let me think. (*Considers a moment in silence.*) What would give to others the most pleasure, I would the least desire. I am not in need. What I would ask for is a piece of beautiful embroidery, set in a costly frame, in the center, wrought with gold thread, purple, blue and scarlet, these words: "Presented by His Majesty, the King, unto the Maiden Angeline," and underneath whatever words or motto the King may direct. He *must* have heard of me. I stood and waved my scarf one day when he rode by. He must have seen St. Peter's cock upon my father's sign. Thank for me his majesty, and tell him that a present from the King, even in a family like ours, is an unmerited honor.

A. I will see that your gift is prepared and sent to you in due season. (*Motions to* SERVANT, *who comes down and follows* SECOND MAIDEN, *who goes out*

haughtily. KING *comes to F. C.*) What say you, your majesty, to this second maiden?

K. (*laughing*). If she could have her way, nothing would be heard through all the kingdom except the crowing of St. Peter's cock. On her embroidery let the words be wrought, "Before honor is humility," and give it to her.

A. And even that she will turn to her own praise, and find some hidden compliment within it. But now your majesty must retire. Another damsel will be here presently. (KING *retires as before.*)

Enter SERVANT *and* THIRD MAIDEN *L.* SERVANT *retires up C., and* THIRD MAIDEN *advances to F. C., looking about curiously.*

A. I called you here because the King, our gracious sovereign, has given to me, as his dispenser, his royal purse. Choose what you will in value not exceeding forty ducats, and it shall be yours before to-morrow night.

THIRD MAIDEN (*eagerly*). Forty ducats! A present from the King of forty ducats!

A. Yes, any gift not to exceed that sum in value.

T. M. Then, if you please, I'll take the ducats themselves. I would rather have them than anything which they could buy. I have laid by a little store to be my bridal dowry, or against a rainy day. These forty ducats I will add to it.

A. Your choice is quickly made.

T. M. But may I not have them now? Why wait until to-morrow night?

A. You need not. (*Counts from his purse into her hand forty gold coins; she slowly and audibly counts them herself from one hand to the other, then jingles them in her hands with a satisfied smile.*) My servant will show you out, down through the courtyard. (*Motions to* SERVANT, *who comes down.*)

T. M. (*delaying*). Beside myself there were wait-

ing below three other maidens. Did they each have forty ducats as well as I?

A. You have your forty ducats, let that suffice you.

T. M. Did they have more? The King is *very* rich. Forty, fifty or sixty ducats, it makes no difference with him. If *any* one has more than forty, why not I? I should not spend it foolishly. I should add it to my little store laid up to be my bridal dowry, or against a rainy day. Will you not ask the King to give me *something* more, if only ten ducats? It would be such a trifling sum to him.

A. (*sharply*). Forty ducats are all that you can have. (*Exeunt* SERVANT *and* THIRD MAIDEN. KING *comes to F. C.*) What do you think of that one?

K. Those forty ducats were ill spent, since they were added to a miser's hoard. Ah, me! (*sighs.*) This play of reading hearts grows sad. It wearies me to hear these fair young girls prove themselves covetous, vain and weak.

A. And well it may. But it would be unjust to judge others by this one. The sordid love of gold is rare in woman; rarer yet in youth. There is only one more to come, the little street singer, who will, perhaps, cheer us with a song. Hark, I hear them coming. (KING *retires.*)

Enter SERVANT *and* FOURTH MAIDEN *L. Repeat "business" as before described.*

A. My little maiden, as you came up the street I heard you singing. Will repeat the song?

FOURTH MAIDEN. What could I have been singing? Oh, I think it was (*mention title of song about to be sung*). Indeed, I will sing it for you, with pleasure. (*Sings. Something tender, simple and pathetic should be given. During the singing* KING *appears much affected.*)

A. Your song is simple, but well sung. But it was not to sing to us that I called you in. The King, our gracious sovereign, whose highest pleasure is to bestow pleasure upon his subjects, has given into my

hands his royal purse. Choose what you will, in value not exceeding forty ducats, and if it can be bought, made or found within that time, it shall be yours before to-morrow night.

F. M. For me? For me—myself, and from the King? I never had more than one ducat in my life!

A. But now, choose what you will.

F. M. (*timidly*). Oh, if I could! I would not be too bold, but I have always wished, though it is something I have never dared to hope for, that I could own a lute, a little silver-sounding lute, to carry with me when I go singing from house to house. I do not know what such a lute would cost. Forgive me if I have asked too much. I did not mean it.

A. No, my child; whatever it may cost, your simple wish shall be fulfilled. The sweetest lute that can be furnished shall be yours to-morrow.

F. M. I cannot thank you. I cannot thank the King; but tell him I am grateful in my heart, and that, when I hear my lute, I shall remember his great kindness, and pray for his peace and prosperity.

A. Such gratitude pleases him best. My Servant will show you down, out through the courtway. (*Motions to* SERVANT, *who comes down and escorts* FOURTH MAIDEN *out L.* KING *appears.*)

K. I wish she had stayed longer. I cannot tell when I have heard so sweet a voice, or seen so innocent a face.

A. 'Tis strange that one accustomed to the street—

K. Hush—

Re-enter SERVANT *and* FOURTH MAIDEN. KING *retires up C.*

F. M. (*coming down eagerly and not observing* KING). Would it be wrong, would the King be angry, if I should change my wish and choose again? There is something which I would rather have even than the lute.

A. What is it?

F. M. The forty ducats themselves.

A. The forty ducats? And why?

F. M. Forgive me. It may seem strange to ask them, and yet, upon a second thought, I wish for them more than for anything; more even than for the lute.

A. You have some reason for the change. Are you afraid to speak of it?

F. M. Afraid? I fear that it might seem unmindful of the kindness of the King, and of his gift to *me*, and yet 'twas a good reason.

A. Then let me hear it; no honest purpose needs to be withheld.

F. M. There is a basket-weaver, a good and kind old man, who sits beside the street and weaves his baskets. Every night I lead him back to his poor lodgings, and sometimes, when I can, I stop and sing to him. He does not like to beg, he says, but times are hard, and winter's coming on, and there are many basket-weavers, and, with his weak hands, he scarce can earn his bread. These forty ducats would buy him food and lodging for a long, long time. 'Twas strange I did not think of him before I spoke about the lute.

A. You are also poor. You may never be able to buy a lute yourself.

F. M. But I am young and he is old. He shivers in the wind I scarcely heed, and he is blind. 'Tis dreadful to be blind! And being old, what I would give him I must give him now. Even with a lute, it would take a weary while to earn forty ducats to give away. I could not enjoy its music if I knew that he was cold or hungry. Pray forget my first wish and give me the forty ducats.

K. (*coming to C.*). They are yours. (*To* ATTENDANT.) Give her the money. (ATTENDANT *counts it into her hands while the* KING *continues speaking.*) You shall not lose that loftiest of pleasures, self-sacrifice. But come again to the palace to-morrow night, and bring your father and your mother with you.

F. M. Alas! I cannot! My mother died before I

can remember, and my father and my only brother fell in the great war a year ago. I have no father now.

K. But you shall have from henceforward! Your King shall be your father! The heart whose strongest wish is for another's good beats with royal blood, though covered with a beggar's garb. (*Takes her hand and draws her toward him.*) My child, I will lead you to my Queen, who will henceforward be your mother. (*Turning to* ATTENDANT.) I believe now in your power of reading hearts. As fire proves gold, so gold proves men. Its magic spell has at last revealed to me a noble soul, and showed me, in this singer of the streets, my chosen princess.

CURTAIN.

A PIECE OF NEWS; OR, AUNT RAY'S CAT.

(Used by permission of the author, Margaret Sydney.)

CHARACTERS.

BEATRICE,	CAROLINE,	FAY,	HANNAH,
PRIMROSE,	JOHN,	OSCAR,	TIMOTHY,
	ICHABOD,	ROGER.	

COSTUMES.

BEATRICE, outdoor costume; others, ordinary school costumes.

SUGGESTIONS.

This dialogue may be given by all girls or all boys, or by both sexes, as here arranged.

The characters are all discovered, except BEATRICE. They should be seated or standing in various positions, and engaged in different occupations. This matter may be arranged by the teacher to suit each individual character.

Enter BEATRICE *R., as soon as curtain rises.*

JOHN (*quickly*). Oh, what's the news, Beatrice?

CAROLINE (*eagerly*). Yes, tell us the news.

BEATRICE (*sits at F. C.*). Oh, I don't feel like talking.

ALL. Oh, yes, tell us; we must have the news.

B. (*reflectively*). There isn't anything very new that I know of to tell you this morning. (*Suddenly.*) Oh, yes (*solemnly*), Aunt Ray's old cat died last night.

J. Is it possible?

ROGER. How did she look, Beatrice?

B. Who? The cat or Aunt Ray?

R. Well, the cat first, then tell us how Aunt Ray bore it.

B. Well, whenever I saw the cat she was looking from her two eyes.

FAY. Was it a black cat, Beatrice?

B. No; a fuzzy yellow; she had very handsome green eyes, and a dear little inquisitive nose—and, oh, the loveliest velvet paws, and she was lame in one leg.

ICHABOD. Must have been handsome.

B. She was. I have often heard Aunt Ray say, "Maher-shalal-hash-baz, you're a beauty."

TIMOTHY. What! Say it again, do, Beatrice, that yard or two of a name!

B. Aunt Ray found that in the Bible, so she was quite delighted to bestow it on her cat. And she never allowed any nickname.

OSCAR. No wonder the cat died.

B. Oh, *that* didn't kill her. She was nineteen years and six months old when she died. (*All exclaim, one after the other, "Why, she was older than I am," changing the inflections and emphasis as much as possible, and some of them omitting the "Why." If this is done rapidly, and with spirit and variety, the effect will be exceedingly funny.*) And she was older than I am. Well, she was smart, too. Aunt Ray said she had all the wisdom of the ancients, combined with the secrets of modern philosophy. There was nothing that cat couldn't do, according to Aunt Ray.

C. Tell us some of the things she would do, Beatrice.

B. Oh, I haven't time to give you a tenth of her accomplishments. But I will mention one item. She

knew five pretty little tricks. One was to jump over a broom—

I. That's nothing. We had a cat once who could run like lightning before a broom.

B. And a second trick was, she could sit up and sing when anyone played on the piano—

HANNAH (*interrupting*). Well, that's nothing. We had an old cat once who could sing all night out in the back yard.

B. And a third pretty trick was to put out a lighted candle by striking it with her paw.

PRIMROSE. Well, that's nothing, either. We had a cat once who put out a whole kerosene lamp by striking it with her paw, and it set the kitchen on fire.

B. And a fourth pretty trick of hers was to jump up and lift the latch of Aunt Ray's door with her nose.

O. Well, that's nothing remarkable. We had a cat, a very smart creature, who, one evening, jumped through a pane of glass in the window, without taking the trouble to open the door.

B. And the last trick I shall tell you of was this: Maher-shalal-hash-baz could pick up Aunt's cap from the floor when it fell off from her head as she got to sleep evenings and nodded; then she would carefully place it on the chair.

J. That's nothing any more than the rest. We had a cat once who could chew up my grandmother's cap when she had gone to church, so that it didn't have to be put carefully on a chair; there weren't any pieces big enough.

I. Tell us something more about that cat, Beatrice, or I am afraid we shall not think it so very remarkable a beast after all.

B. Oh, she was remarkable, very remarkable, indeed. Aunt Ray always said so, and she knew her nineteen years and six months, and I'm sure she ought to know.

O. Well, tell us. I'm impatient to hear something definite about that cat.

R. Had she ever heard of the "Mind Cure?"

F. Or ever been to a symphony rehearsal?

I. Did she know about the proposition to widen Beacon Street, and was she opposed to it? (*Any local allusion may be substituted here, and others may be added, which increases the interest and amusement. Put the questions rapidly.*)

P. and H. (*together*). Had she ever been tobogganing?

B. (*putting both hands to her ears*). Oh, dear, a body can't mention a simple bit of news without an avalanche of questions.

J. Had she any knowledge of palmistry?

T. Did she belong to a Browning club?

R. Was she ever on a "strike?"—or didn't she have any sympathy with the labor reform?

B. (*hands still over her ears*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

ALL. Mew! Mew! Mew! you mean.

J. Well, now, Beatrice, it is very absurd for you to attempt to get up any interest in your piece of news if you will not tell us what the cat did.

B. (*removing hands*). I did tell you.

J. Oh, no, you have been very reticent on the subject; only mentioned a few paltry tricks that we have shown you have been easily surpassed by half a score of other intelligent, well-bred pussies.

B. Yes, I did. I told you very distinctly a remarkable thing that cat did?

J. What? Pray tell.

B. (*solemnly*). She died.

J. Oh, yes, you did mention that circumstance, but we want to know what that cat did in life.

B. She did all those things I told you of, *before she died.*

J. Is it possible?

O. Now, Beatrice, I don't consider it quite fair for John to do all the questioning. What I want to know is, aren't we, who have never seen this feline wonder in life, to be permitted to look upon it now that it has

departed from your relative's house? In other words, isn't the creature to be stuffed?

B. No, she did that before she died. Aunt Ray's cook said she was the biggest eater in the house.

T. You evade, as usual. Beatrice, can you give a direct answer? Has Barnum bought her skin to give to Tuft's College (*good place for local allusion*), as the skin of the only specimen of the great South African—

B. (*interrupting*). No, no, no; my Aunt Ray wouldn't sell her to Barnum for anything. We buried her—

J. (*interrupting*). "Darkly, at dead of night?"

B. No, in broad daylight, and I wrote the epitaph.

P. Are you sure it wasn't epigram?

B. Quite sure; and I think it was beautiful. Aunt Ray said it was most touching. Do you want to hear it?

H. Oh, don't deprive us.

B. It's in poetry. I hope you will like it

ALL. Do go on.

B.

Maher-shalal-hash-baz
Is no more;
She wanted only six months
To reach a score

of years. That isn't in the poetry, but of course you'll understand it.

She was honest, she was kind,
Excelling other cats in mind;
With gracious air and winsome face
She quite outstripped the feline race;

(I had to say gracious air instead of grace, on account of her lame leg.)

Now, pussies old and young as well,
Imitate her who died pell-mell.

It ends rather abruptly, but I think such things are more effective that way.

J. Well, we are much obliged. I presume that ends your Aunt Ray's cat doesn't it?

B. An epitaph usually does, I suppose.

J. There's no denying that. One little thing we all forgot to ask. Strange, too, when we have taken such an absorbing interest in the affair. What was the matter with poor pussie, if I may ask?

B. Oh, didn't I tell you? Why, my Aunt gave her to the soap man to have her killed, and he did, and then brought home the skin. Wasn't he kind?

ALL (*greatly shocked*). Your Aunt Ray gave her to the soap man to have her killed!

B. (*solemnly*). Yes, and he brought home the skin. Wasn't he kind?

J. and O. But I thought you said your Aunt was grief-stricken.

B. Oh, no, I didn't.

T. And you have been working on our sympathies dreadfully.

B. (*innocently*). Have I?

ALL. Dreadfully!

B. Well, that's funny. Now, I want to tell you something else before I finish this piece of news.

I. What is it? No more harrowing tales of a cat, I beg.

B. Oh, no, indeed. It's only this: It's all true, every word I've told you, except my Aunt Ray never had a cat. She positively hates them.

ALL (*rising and coming to her*). Beatrice, what do you mean by such statements?

B. (*innocently*). Why, you wanted me to tell you a piece of news, didn't you?

ALL. Yes, we did.

B. (*rising*). Well, I couldn't think of any I'd heard, so I only did just as other people in the same condition of mind do—I invented some.

CURTAIN.

THE BIRD DIALOGUE.

(Used by permission of the author, Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.)

CHARACTERS.

GIRLS.			BOYS.	
CAROLINE, MUST BE A SINGER,			JOE,	FREDERICK,
MARY,	DEBBIE,		ARTHUR,	BOB,
HATTIE,	DORA,		JOHNNY,	GUSSIE.
EVA,	EDITH,	MINNIE.		

SCENE.—A schoolroom. Tables and chairs are placed around, upon which are books, slates, a globe, etc. Maps are hung upon the walls.

SUGGESTIONS.

MARY, CAROLINE, DEBBIE and DORA are the largest among the girls; MINNIE and EVA are the smallest. FREDERICK and JOE are the largest boys; JOHNNIE the smallest.

The speakers are supposed to be a group of scholars waiting for school to begin. Several other pupils, in addition to the speakers, may be seated about, listening to the conversation. To avoid stiffness each one of the speakers should be engaged in some occupation, which he or she leaves off and resumes in an easy, careless way. The following occupations are suggested: Holding open book as if attempting to study a lesson, ciphering, whittling, unravelling an old stocking and making a ball of it, tossing a ball up lightly, playing with marbles, jackstones or whirling a tee-totum, playing with a wire or string puzzle, crocheting or other fancy work, repairing kite, sharpening pencil, etc. The teacher must apportion the work according to the taste, age and capabilities of the pupils, giving as much variety as possible to the whole scene.

Confused talk and noise before curtain rises.

Pupils discovered.

MARY (*as if continuing a conversation*). Now, *I* should rather be a robin. He sings such a pretty song. Everybody likes to hear a robin sing. I don't believe even a boy would shoot a robin.

JOHNNY. Course he wouldn't.

MINNIE. Robin redbreasts covered up the two little children when they got lost in the woods!

CAROLINE. And they don't do like other birds—stay here all summer and have a good time, and then fly off and leave us. They stay by.

GUSSIE. How do you know that?

C. Oh, I've heard. They stay in swamps and barns, waiting for spring. Don't you remember? (*Sings.*)

> The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
> And what will poor robin do then, poor thing?
> He will sit in the barn, and keep himself warm,
> And hide his head under his wing, poor thing.

(*Others join in the song one or two at a time.*)

MARY. Yes, he comes up to our back door and eats the crumbs, and perches on the apple-tree boughs; mother says it seems as if he were one of the family.

DEBBIE. Now, *I* should a great deal rather be a swallow, and fly away. They go so swiftly, some of them are called "swifts!" Mother says I never *can* keep still. Then I could fly away down South, where the oranges grow, and figs, and sugarcane, and see all the wonderful sights; and I'd go to all the beautiful sunny isles away over the seas.

JOHN. Get tired, maybe, and drop down into the water.

JOE. No; light on vessels' topmasts; that's the way they do.

DEB. That would be better than living in a barn all winter, or in a swamp, either.

DORA. Oh, this morning I saw the prettiest bird I ever saw in all my life! Oh, if he wasn't a pretty bird! Father said 'twas a Baltimore oriole. Part of him was black, and part of him as red as fire. Oh, he was a beauty! If I'm ever a bird, I'll be an oriole.

ARTHUR. Uncle Daniel calls him a fire hang-bird.

FREDERICK. That's because his nest hangs down from the bough like a bag.

C. Don't you know what that's for? Where they first came from, 'way down in the torrid zone, they built their nests that way so the monkeys and serpents couldn't get their eggs.

A. I've got a hang-bird's egg.

EDITH. Do they have red eggs? (*Boys laugh.*)

F. No; black and white; father calls him the "golden robin."

C. I tell you what I'd be; a mocking-bird. And I'll tell you why. Because a mocking-bird can sing every tune he hears. Does vex me so when I hear a pretty tune and can't sing it! Sometimes I remember one line, and then I can't rest until I get the whole. Mother says I ought to have been born a mocking-bird.

F. Of course *Caroline* would want to *carol.*

C. Mother says she saw one whistle to the dog, and chirp like a chicken, or scream like a hawk, and can imitate any kind of a sound—filing, or planing, or anything.

MARY. And he can sing sweeter than a nightingale.

A. I'd be a lark, for he goes up highest.

F. He has a low enough place to start from.

C. I know it; 'way down on the ground, 'mongst the grass.

DEB. No matter what a low place he starts from, long as he gets up the highest at last. Don't you know Napoleon?

DORA. And Lincoln?

JOE. I know what I would be. Some kind of a water-fowl. Then I could go to sea; father won't let me now, nor my mother, either.

JOHN. You'd better be a coot!

F. Or one of Mother Casey's chickens!

JOE. No, I'd be that great, strong bird, I forget his name, that flies and flies over the great ocean, and never stops to rest, through storms and darkness, right ahead. *He* don't have to take in sail or cut away the masts. Gus, what do *you* think about it?

G. Well, I guess I'll be an ostrich, then I can run and fly both together.

A. And you wouldn't be afraid to eat things.

G. That's so. They swallow down leather, stones, old iron, and there don't anything ever hurt them.

DEB. I heard of one swallowing a lady's parasol.

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JOHN. But they'd pull out your feathers.

G. Oh, no matter. I'd let the girls have 'em to stick in their hats, after I'd done with them.

JOHN. I know what I'd be. I'd be an owl. Then I could sit up nights.

HATTIE. Oh, you'd be scared of the dark.

JOHN. I guess so! 'Twouldn't be dark if I was an owl.

MARY. Can't you play enough daytimes?

JOHN. Oh, daytime isn't good for anything. They have all the fun after we've gone to bed, Charlie and I.

F. 'Twon't do for little boys to hear everything that goes on.

G. You little fellows are apt to make a noise and disturb us!

H. Mother says if I wasn't a chatterbox I could stay up later. I guess I'll choose a parrot, for parrots can talk just when they want to, and have blue wings, and green wings, and red and yellow, and all colors.

EDITH. I should rather be a canary bird, 'cause they have sponge-cake and sugar lumps every day!

H. Oh, I wouldn't be a canary-bird, shut up in a cage!

DORA. I should rather live on dry sticks.

MIN. My mamma's got a canary bird, and he sings, and he's yellow.

H. Parrots are the prettiest.

MARY. Why doesn't somebody be a flamingo? They are flame-colored.

A. I should think some of you girls would want to be a peacock.

DEB. Now, what do you say *girls* for? Boys think as much of their new clothes as girls do?

DORA and MARY. Yes, just exactly as much.

F. I know who seems like a peacock—Nannie Minns. I saw her stepping off the other day, just as proud! About seventeen flounces! And yellow kids and yellow boots, and curls, and streamers. First, she'd look at her dress, and then at her boots, and

then at her gloves, and then at her curls—this way. (*Imitates the walk and airs of a vain girl.*)

DEB. Well, if some girls are peacocks, some boys are hawks. I saw that great Joshua Lowe come pouncing down among a flock of little boys yesterday, and do everything he could think of to 'em, just to show he could master them.

MARY. And if you want a crow-fighter, take Andy Barrows. He's always picking a quarrel.

DORA. I know it; I've heard him. "Come on!" he says. "Come on! I'll fight ye."

C. I think, as a general thing, girls act better than boys. What do you think about it, little Minnie? You don't say much.

MIN. I'd be a humming-bird.

EDITH. She thinks you're talking about birds, yet.

C. And what would you be a humming-bird for?

MIN. 'Cause they're so pretty, and just as cunning!

H. So they are, Minnie.

MIN. And they keep with the flowers all the time and eat honey.

A. And eat the little mites of insects just as much as they do the honey.

EDITH. My brother found a humming-bird's nest. Oh, the inside of it was just as soft as wool, and little bits of white eggs, just like little bits of white beans.

DORA (*taking* EVA'S *hand*) Now here's a little girl sitting here all this time, and not saying a word.

C. I know it. Isn't she a dear little girl? (*Stroking her hair.*)

MARY. She ought to be a dove, she's so gentle and still.

DEB. You dear little pigeon-dove, what bird would you be?

EVA (*looking up*). A sparrow.

MARY. You would? And what would you be a sparrow for?

EVA. 'Cause my mamma said, not a sparrow falls down to the ground. (*The girls look at each other.*)

DEB. Isn't she cunning?

MARY and DEB. Yes, and so good.

JOE. Fred hasn't said what he'd be yet.

F. Eagle. He's the grandest of all. He can fly right in the face of the sun.

JOHN. Eagles can beat every other bird.

JOE. Of course Fred wouldn't be anything short of an eagle!

F. No, nor anything short of the American eagle!

G. 'Cause he can beat all the other eagles.

ALL THE BOYS. That's so! Three cheers for the American eagle!

ALL (*together*). Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

BOB *rushes in R.*

BOB (*exclaiming*). The organ-man is coming and he's got a monkey. (*They all rush out R. pell-mell. If distant music can be heard as they go it will add to the effect.*)

CURTAIN.

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

AN OPERA FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

By L. D. Nichols. (Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CHARACTERS.

MRS. LORING, MOTHER OF MIDSHIPMAN.
TONY, THE MIDSHIPMAN, AGED 20.
ANNIE, SISTER OF MIDSHIPMAN, AGED 15.
CORA, FRIEND OF ANNIE, AGED 16.
ALFRED, BROTHER OF MIDSHIPMAN, AGED 12.
GRACE, SISTER OF MIDSHIPMAN, AGED 10.
FLORA, SISTER OF MIDSHIPMAN, AGED 8.
BRIDGET, SERVANT.

PROPERTIES.

Some linen towels, work-basket and sewing implements, a large

doll to personate the baby, an infant's cradle, an open letter, checkerboard and men, doll for FLORA.

COSTUMES.

Ordinary suits, except for TONY, who wears the midshipman's uniform, dark blue jacket, cap and trousers, with navy brass buttons. Care must be taken, however, that the dresses of the other performers change between the second and third scenes, as three months are supposed to elapse between them, and also in the last scene, which is supposed to be a year later than the first scene. Let this lapse of time be announced from the stage at the proper place, before the curtain rises; or better, give it a place on the printed program.

AIRS TO BE SUNG.

SCENE I.—"Wait for the Wagon" until the verse beginning "Tony, brother;" from there to close of scene, "Johnny Schmoker."

SCENE II.—"Araby's Daughter."

SCENE III.—"Greenville" or "Hush, My Babe," until entrance of girls, then "Mabel Waltzes," or any other waltz tune.

SCENE IV.—"Home, Sweet Home."

SCENE V.—"Johnny Comes Marching Home."

SCENE I.

Airs, "Wait for the Wagon" and "Johnny Schmoker."

SCENE—A sitting-room in MRS. LORING'S home. ANNIE is discovered sitting at *R. F.*, making towels. Vacant chair near her.

Enter CORA *R., comes to* ANNIE.

CORA (*sings*).—

Good morning to you, Annie, dear
(*looks at her sharply*),
But how sad you look to-day.

ANNIE (*laying down work*).—

I can't look very happy
When my brother's going away.

CORA.—

What! Going away? Don't tell me so.
Oh, dear, it can't be true!
What shall we do without him?
Oh, how I pity you!
Oh, my poor Annie
And your poor mother,
And all the children, too,
What shall we ever do?

ANNIE (*with sobs*).—

'Tis true, indeed; his orders came
By early mail to-day;
And by to-morrow morning
He will have to start away;
Poor mother's trying not to cry
While putting up his clothes,
And the children follow after him,
No matter where he goes.

ANNIE and CORA (*together*).—

Oh, Tony, Tony,
Oh, jolly brother;
Oh, our handsome middy boy,
How can we let him go?

(ANNIE *covers her face with her hands and sobs;* CORA *sits in the vacant chair and takes up* ANNIE'S *work.*)

CORA.—

Come, Annie, dear, keep up your heart,
A year soon flies away,
And then he will be back again;
Think of that happy day.

Enter TONY *L.; he takes up the tune and sings, as he comes down.*

TONY.—

I thank you very kindly, miss,
For cheering up poor Nan,
And of all kindly words I'll be
As worthy as I can.

CHORUS (*for the three*).—

Come, no more crying,
Come, no more sighing;
Old time is flying fast,
And the year'll soon pass away;

TONY.—

'Tis jolly fun, I tell you, girls,
To visit foreign lands;
And when you see me coming home,
'Twon't be with empty hands.

So if you're good and don't cry now,
And often write to me,
I'll bring you lots of pretty things
From France and Italy.

(*He takes a hand of each of the girls; they all come to F. C. and sing.*)

CHORUS (*for three*).—

Dry up your tears,
Banish your fears,
Give three good cheers
For the jolly ship, "Santee."

CHORUS (*behind the scenes, sung to the tune of "Johnny Schmoker." This tune is carried to end of scene*).—

Brother Tony, Brother Tony!
He is going, he is going,
He is going on the ocean!
Brother Tony! Brother Tony!
We shall miss him,
We shall miss him,
When he's gone upon the ocean.

Enter ALFRED, GRACE *and* FLORA *R.; all come to C. and stand around the others; they make way, however, for* ALFRED, *who stands F. C., a little to the right of the others.*

ALFRED.—

Brother Tony! Brother Tony!
Take me with you!
Take me with you!
Take me with you on the water;
I won't make a bit of trouble;
I can sleep up in a hammock,
Brother Tony! Brother Tony!
Take me with you on your voyage,
For I want to be a middy.

CHORUS (*of all the children*).—

Yes, he wants to be a middy!
Alfred wants to be a middy,

Brother Tony! Brother Tony!
Take him with you
On the ocean,
For he wants to be a middy.

TONY.—

Brother Alfred! Brother Alfred!
Listen to me!
Listen to me!
You must wait till you are older,
You must wait till you are bolder,
Till your sisters here can spare you,
Till more manfully you bear you,
Then, my brother, brother Alfred,
Be a middy if it suits you,
Be a middy and sail with me.

CHORUS (*all but* ALFRED, TONY *and* CORA).—

No, no, no, we cannot spare you,
No, no, no, we cannot spare two;
'Tis too many!
'Tis too many!
We must keep one darling brother,
One must stay with us and mother.

CHORUS (*all but* ALFRED).—

Yes, yes, yes, one stays with mother,
Hard enough to lose one brother,
Little Alfred!
Little Alfred!
Stay yet with us, be contented,
Don't you see our tears are falling?

FAST CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

(Air, "Araby's Daughter.")

CORA *discovered, seated at C.*

CORA (*sings*).—

Farewell, farewell to thee, dearest of middies,
We part from thee, Tony, with tears and with pain,
Full many a time shall the sun set in sadness
Ere we shall behold thy bright buttons again.

Enter TONY *R., unseen; stops and listens to her song.*

Around thee shall bluster the storms of the ocean,
And toss thy good ship like a cork on the wave,
But do not, oh, do not forget your home's dear ones,
Or go to be king in the mermaiden's cave.

(TONY *comes down,* CORA *rises, he takes her hand and they both come F.*)

TONY.—

Forgive me, dear Cora, for hearing your singing,
It comforts my heart to believe you will mourn
For your wandering friend through the months of his absence,
And breathe loving prayers for his happy return.

TOGETHER.—

Farewell, farewell then to tears and to sadness,
For friendship like ours need have nothing to fear;
We part, but we hope for a meeting of gladness
When the fast-rolling months have completed the year.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.

(Air, "Greenville" and "Mabel Waltzes.")

MRS. LORING *discovered seated at R. F. rocking baby, cradle at back of stage.*

MRS. LORING (*sings*).—

Hush, my darling, safe and happy,
Lie within thy mother's arm,
While her heart is fondly praying
Keep my absent boy from harm.
Thou art yet so frail and helpless
I can keep thee by my side;
But my first-born, brave and eager,
Roves upon the treacherous tide.

Enter ANNIE, GRACE *and* FLORA *L. While* ANNIE *sings the others twine arms and dance about the room in time to* ANNIE'S *singing.*

ANNIE (*coming down and waving open letter*).—

Mother, dear!
Do look here!
I have Tony's letter.
O'er the sea
It came to me,
News could not do better.
He is well,
And can tell
Tales of foreign wonder,
And of storms that nearly dashed
The noble ship asunder.

(MRS. LORING, *rising gently, lays her baby in its cradle, while the three girls continue the song.*)

ALL THE GIRLS.—

Then he sends
Love to friends;
Specially to Cora.
And will bring
Some pretty thing
To Annie, Grace and Flora.
He has seen
The English queen,
And sailed on old Thames' water.
And in France
He had a dance
With the consul's daughter.

(MRS. LORING *returns to chair,* ANNIE *hands her open letter, they all gather around, falling into graceful positions on the floor, as if to listen to reading of letter. Tableau. Music.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

SCENE IV.

(Air, "Home, Sweet Home.")

Stage dark and TONY *discovered pacing up and down, as if on ship-deck, on guard duty.*

TONY (*sings*).—

In the stillness of night, when my mates are asleep,
When the brave ship is plowing her way through the deep,
My thoughts fondly turn to the dear ones at home,
Whose constant love follows wherever I roam.

CHORUS (*sailors' voices behind scenes*).—

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Blow on favoring breezes, and bear us all home.

TONY.—

Through the bright hours of day we may frolic and jest,
With our pipes and our games, when from duty we rest;
You can't match a middy for mischief and fun,
But his thoughts travel home when on guard and alone.

SAILORS' CHORUS (*as before*).—

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Blow on, favoring breezes, and bear us all home.

CURTAIN.

SCENE V.

(Air, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home.")

SCENE.—MRS. LORING'S parlor; MRS. LORING, ALFRED, GRACE and FLORA discovered, MRS. LORING at *R. F.*, sewing; ALFRED and GRACE *L. F.*, playing checkers; FLORA back of stage, dressing doll.

Enter ANNIE *and* CORA *L., come down;* ANNIE *waves open letter, both sing, the other children joining in the hurrahs.*

ANNIE and CORA (*coming to C.*).—

Our Tony is coming home again!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our Tony is coming home again!

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

ANNIE and CORA.—

His ship came into port last night,
And he'll be here by morning light;
Oh, the happy day when middy comes sailing home.
Oh, happy day when middy comes marching home.

MRS. LORING (*sings*).—

Thank God his dangers all are o'er!

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

MRS. LORING.—

And I shall see my boy again!

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

MRS. LORING.—

A happy mother then I'll be,
My children all at home to see,
For they'll all be here when Tony comes marching home!
For they'll all be here when Tony comes marching home.

ALFRED.—

Some fireworks I'll go quickly buy!

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

ALFRED.—

And crackers that will pop and fly!

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

AEFRED.—

We'll have a jolly, thundering noise
To welcome home the Santee boys,
For we'll all have fun when middy comes sailing home!
Yes, we'll all have fun when middy comes sailing home!

GRACE and FLORA.—

We ought to wear our best white suits,

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

GRACE and FLORA.—

Our sashes gay and new bronze boots!

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

GRACE and FLORA.—

And all be in our best array
To celebrate the joyful day
When our darling mid comes merrily marching home.
When our darling mid comes merrily marching home.

ANNIE.—

A party we will have, and dance!

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

ANNIE.—

To welcome Tony home from France!

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

ANNIE.—

Our friends at once we will invite
To come to us to-morrow night,
And we'll all be gay, when middy comes marching home!
Yes, we'll all be gay when middy comes marching home.

CORA (*sings*).—

Soon we shall see his sunny face!

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

CORA.—

With pride and joy our hearts will swell,
When his adventures he shall tell;
Oh, the happy day when Tony comes marching home!
Oh, the happy day when Tony comes marching home!

Enter BRIDGET *L., dancing and singing.*

BRIDGET.—

Och, blissid saints above this day!

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

BRIDGET.—

Here comes our swate b'y from the say!

ALL.—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

BRIDGET.—

Run out, run out, ye childer dear,
The darlint, he is almost here!
Oh, bedad, I'm glad to see the lad come home;
Oh, bedad, I'm glad to see the lad come home.

(*Throws her apron over head and sobs aloud.*)

Enter TONY *L.: in uniform; all rush to embrace and welcome him; for a few momentes all is confusion and joy; then forming in line, hand in hand, with* TONY *and* MRS. LORING *in center,* BRIDGET *and* FLORA *at either end, they face the audience, dancing backward and forward.*

ALL (*sing*).—

Now Tony has marched back home again!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We quite forget our former pain!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We thank you for the smiles and tears
With which you've watched our hopes and fears,
And we'll say good-bye, for Tony's come marching home!
To all good-bye, for Tony's come marching home.

CURTAIN.

PART III.

For Very Little Ones.

HOW JOHNNIE STOPPED CRYING.

CHARACTERS.

JOHNNIE, FRED, NELLIE, SOPHIE, } ALL CHILDREN UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE.

MOTHER, A GIRL OF TWELVE OR FOURTEEN YEARS.

NOTE.—JOHNNIE should be the smallest of all.

PROPERTIES.

Building blocks, small table, a stick, tin trumpet, small hand-bell.

SCENE.—JOHNNIE and NELLIE discovered building house of blocks on small table. As curtain rises JOHNNIE tries to reach a block lying on the floor at some distance; he tumbles over and falls flat; picks himself up, screaming loudly and continues to cry throughout the play, lowering his voice somewhat when the others are talking.

NELLIE (*soothingly*). Don't cry, Johnnie.

JOHNNIE (*sobbing and rubbing his eyes.*) How-can-I-help-it-when-I-have-fallen-down-and-bumped-my-nose? (*Cries louder.*)

N. (*walking away from him that she may be heard*). Then there is nothing for me to do but to beat the table. (*Returns to former place and, taking a stick from floor, begins to pound table.*)

Enter FRED *R.*

FRED (*loudly*). Oh, Nellie, why are you beating that table?

N. (*loudly*). How can I help it, when Johnnie has fallen down and bumped his nose, and is crying with all his might? I must beat this table until Johnnie stops crying. (*Continues to beat.*)

F. (*loudly*). Then there is nothing for me to do but to blow my tin trumpet. (*Takes tin trumpet from pocket, struts about, blowing with all his might.*)

Enter SOPHIE *L., in a hurry.*

SOPHIE (*loudly*). Oh, Fred, why are you blowing so hard on your tin trumpet?

F. (*loudly, walking away from others*). How can I help it, when Johnnie has fallen down and bumped his nose, and is crying with all his might, and Nellie is beating the table? I must blow my trumpet until Johnnie stops crying, (*Blows again.*)

S. Then there's nothing for me to do but to ring the dinner-bell. (*Seizes bell from the floor in corner of stage and rings it.*)

Enter MOTHER *R.*

MOTHER. Oh, Sophie, why are you ringing the dinner-bell so hard?

S. (*ceasing to ring bell*). Oh, Mother, how can I help it when Johnnie has fallen down and bumped his nose and is crying with all his might, and Nellie is beating the table, and Fred is blowing his trumpet? I must ring the bell until Johnnie stops crying. (*Ringing again.*)

M. Then there's nothing for me to do but to look for the switch that hangs behind the pantry door. (*Starts out of room R. in a hurry;* JOHNNIE *stops crying and runs after* MOTHER; NELLIE *lays down stick and follows* JOHNNIE; FRED *puts trumpet in pocket and follows* NELLIE; SOPHIE *throws bell on the floor and runs after* FRED.)

CURTAIN.

SIX LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

AN EXERCISE FOR SIX LITTLE GIRLS.

(Used by permission of Educational Publishing Company.)

SUGGESTIONS.

The six little girls should wear aprons and sunbonnets of various kinds, and carry books, dinner pails, and baskets, which can be deposited on the floor in front of each one. They should recite in concert, while occasionally one little girl takes the lead; as, for instance, one should do the reading; they should spell down the line, one at a time, and one should count as they divide themselves into twos and threes. There is here an opportunity for many pretty motions, which each teacher can arrange for herself.

Six little maids from school are we;
What do we learn? Well, you shall see;
We're taught to sing, just listen now
And we will gladly show you how.
(*They all sing a familiar song.*)

This is not the *only* one we know,
About a hundred more or so;
But we'll not sing them all to-day,
We haven't time enough to stay.

We spell words—oh, so long as that (*motions*),
Like *boy* and *girl* and *hen* and *cat;*
Our teacher writes upon the wall
Such pretty stories for us all
To read: "Within the blue-bird's nest
Are four white eggs." We like *that* best.

And then we count with little sticks,
Or girls—*one, two, three, four, five, six,*
And add with three or two as well,
They all make six, 'tis plain to tell;
Such lovely pieces! Ruth will speak
Just one—'twould take about a week
If every one spoke all she knew,
As you would like to have us do.
(RUTH *recites a short selection.*)

Our teacher told us, did *you* know,
Columbus came long years ago
And found this country? That, you see,
Is why the World's Fair had to be;
That was, I think, before we grew,
I don't remember him, do *you?*

Through pretty cards we learn to sew;
'Tis hard to thread our needle, though,
And silk gets full of knots; and queer
How some things trouble one! Oh, dear!

We learn to sit quite nice and still,
Nor whisper, as bad children will;
If *boys* were half so good as *we,*
What little trouble there would be!

This isn't near all that we know,
But now I guess we'll have to go;
But you shall see us march away,
Just as from school we go to play.

(*Music; they march off the stage, carrying their books and pails.*)

AFTER THE CIRCUS.

By Clara J. Denton. (Used by permission of the publishers of "Sunshine.")

CHARACTERS.

WILLIE, BERT.

SUGGESTIONS.

WILLIE should be as small a boy as can be found to take the part successfully; BERT should be a somewhat larger boy. They enter at different points, meeting in the center of the stage.

BERT. Well, Willie, I suppose you liked the circus?

WILLIE (*excitedly*). Oh, my! did you see that biggest elephant? Wasn't he (*pause*)—well (*pause*). Oh, my, *wasn't* he big?

B. Yes, and smart, too.

W. Well, I've made up my mind what I'll do when I'm a man.

B. What is it?

W. (*putting hands in pockets and strutting about*). I'm going with the circus. Won't that be fun?

B. That depends on what you do. I don't think it would be much fun to twist all up in a double knot, like some of those fellows did.

W. (*scornfully*). No, indeed. I'd never do that, it's too hard work.

B. Well, maybe you'd like to be one of the clowns?

W. Not a bit! I wouldn't wear his ugly rig for anything.

B. Oh, then I suppose you are going to ride the horses?

W. Pshaw! no, that's no fun; anybody can ride the horses; even the girls.

B. Maybe, then, you're going to be a tight-rope man and hang on the trapez.

W. Not much! I'd break my neck.

B. Oh, I know what you're going to do; run the whole machine, like Forepaugh, Barnum and the others.

W. (*with contempt*). Um! I guess not! What fun would that be, just walking around with your hands in your pockets?

B. Yes, but there'd be lots of money in the pockets.

W. Oh, but there'll be lots of money in my pockets, too, and I'll have ever so much fun besides.

B. Well, but what *are* you going to do?

W. Oh, pshaw, can't you tell?

B. No, I can't image. I've guessed every single thing that I could think of.

W. You've left out the very best of all.

B. (*impatiently*). But I'm not going to guess any more. You'll just have to tell me what it is.

W. (*with much importance*). Why, I'm going to be the man that feeds the elephants.

TRIALS OF A SCHOOL TEACHER.

CHARACTERS.

TEACHER, JOHNNY.

SUGGESTIONS.

A number of small children, either boys or girls, discovered seated on a big seat. Near the end is the TEACHER'S table, on which are a few books and a small bell. The TEACHER may be either a boy or a girl, somewhat larger than the others.

TEACHER (*standing*). If there were three peaches on your table, Johnny, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?

JOHNNY (*rising*). How many little sisters would be left? (*Innocently.*)

T. (*slowly*). Now listen, Johnny—If there were three peaches on the table, and your sister should eat one, how many would be left?

J. We haven't had a single peach in the house this year, let alone three.

T. We are only supposing the peaches to be on the table, Johnny.

J. Then they wouldn't be real peaches?

T. No.

J. Would they be preserved peaches?

T. Certainly not.

J. Pickled peaches? (*Takes knife out of his pocket slyly.*)

T. No, no; there wouldn't be any peaches at all, as I told you, Johnny. We only suppose the three peaches to be there.

J. (*playing with his knife*). Then there wouldn't be any peaches, of course. (*Decidedly.*)

T. (*sternly*). Now, Johnny, put that knife in your pocket, or I'll take it away; and pay attention to what I am saying. We imagine three peaches to be on the table. Do you understand that?

J. Yes.

T. And your little sister eats one of them and goes away?

J. Yes, but she wouldn't go away till she had finished the three. You don't know my little sister.

T. But suppose your mother was there and would let her eat but one?

J. Mother's out of town and won't be back until next week.

T. (*impatiently*). Now, Johnny, I will put the question once more, and if you do not answer it correctly, I shall keep you after school. If there were three peaches on the table, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?

J. (*with animation*). There wouldn't be any left. I'd grab the other two.

T. (*touching the bell*). The scholars are now dismissed. Johnny White will remain where he is. (*The other children rise and march out to lively music;* JOHNNY *sits down, laughing behind* TEACHER'S *back.*)

CURTAIN.

JOHNNIE'S GUN.

By Clara J. Denton. (Used by permission of E. L. Kellogg & Co.)

CHARACTERS.

ANNA, ELLA, JOHNNIE.

COSTUMES.

Ordinary street suits.

Enter ANNA *and* ELLA *R., arm in arm; as they reach C. enter* JOHNNIE *L., running.*

ANNA (*starts forward*).—
There goes Johnnie on a run,
Stop, Johnnie, stop.

JOHNNIE (*pausing a moment at C.*).—
No, I have to get my gun,
So I cannot stop. (*Exit R., running.*)

ELLA (*to* ANNA).—

When Johnnie gets his gun
We know what happens then.

ANNA (*in answer*).—

A thousand tuneful notes
Are never heard again.

Re-enter JOHNNIE *R., carrying a gun; comes to C., standing with back to girls, takes aim, pointing his gun high.*

ELLA (*coming to C.*).—

Now, Johnnie, do you think,
To furnish you delight,
Those things so wonderful
Should cease their happy flight?

ANNA (*also coming to C.*).—

What singing joy you hush
To win a little fun—
(*takes hold of his arm*)
If I were big enough
I'd take away that gun.

JOHNNIE (*letting gun fall at his side and speaks impatiently*).—

Now, girls, you've bothered so
The bird away has flown.
I wish you'd just go home
And leave me here alone.

ANNA and ELLA (*walk around* JOHNNIE *and try to catch hold of gun; he eludes them*).—

But that we will not do,
How lucky that we came,
For now at downy breasts
Your gun you cannot aim

JOHNNIE (*still eluding them*).—

But do you think 'tis fair
For you to stop my fun?

ELLA (*sternly*).—
Yes, if it must depend
Upon that wretched gun;
You think it very hard
That you your fun should lose,
And yet you rob the birds
Of life just when you choose.

JOHNNIE (*with bowed head, walks off to L. and back again to C.*).—
I just begin to see
How mean was all my fun.

ANNA and ELLA (*eagerly*).—
And now what will you do?

JOHNNIE.—
Why, throw away this gun. (*Exit R.*)

ANNA and ELLA (*together*).—
Johnnie 'll throw away his gun,
Away, so far away;
And the birds will sweetly sing
All the livelong day.

(*Exeunt L. Soft music.*)

CURTAIN.

TEN LITTLE FINGERS.

FOR THREE VERY SMALL GIRLS.

Characters discovered standing in a row C.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL (*holding up her hands*).—
Ten little fingers, dimpled and fat,
Now tell us what they can do?

SECOND LITTLE GIRL (*holding up her hands*).—
Every one of them worked on a mat,
And some of them know how to sew,
And these three here are learning to write;
That's why they're inky you know.

THIRD LITTLE GIRL (*holding up hands*).—

Ten little fingers, eager and brown,
Whole mornings they live in the sun,
The thimble finger with all the rest
Once the mud-pie season's begun,
And grandma laughs and says, "Ah, me!
Little fingers will have their fun."

ALL (*holding up hands*).—

Ten little fingers, rosy and still,
About mother's neck so tight,
While softly she rocks to the land of dreams
A wee sleepy girl in white;
Another busy day is gone by,
So, ten little fingers, good-night!

DR. JOHNNY'S VISIT.

CHARACTERS.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL, SECOND LITTLE GIRL,
LITTLE BOY.

PROPERTIES.

Small satchel, cane, bottle filled with cold tea, small table.

COSTUMES.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL, dressed like a lady; SECOND LITTLE GIRL, in nurse's attire; LITTLE BOY, man's hat and coat.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL *discovered seated in a little chair in middle of stage holding a doll; small table near by.*

FIRST LITTLE GIRL (*putting handkerchief to eyes*).—

My youngest doll is very sick,
My little Annie Bell;
I've sent for Johnny Doctor-man
To come and make her well.

Enter LITTLE BOY *R., carrying cane and satchel; sets satchel and hat on table and lays cane on the floor.*

Ah! here is the Doctor-man,
Doctor, how long you've been!
My baby's got some measles,
And you must strike 'em in,
Or maybe it's desipelas!
Oh, Doctor, tell me quick.

(*While she is reciting these lines the* LITTLE BOY *must bend over the doll, feel its face, its hands and sound its lungs.*)

LITTLE BOY.—

I think, I tell you solemnly,
I think she's awful sick;
Now get some water to her feet,
And mustard on her head,
And wrap her up in blankets,
Or she'll be very dead;
And here's the medicine to take;
(*opens satchel and takes out bottle.*)
You'll need your biggest spoon,
'Twill cure her up like everything
This very afternoon.

Enter SECOND LITTLE GIRL *L.; carries spoon and gives doll a dose;* LITTLE BOY *picks up hat, shuts satchel and picks up cane; laughable "business" may be introduced here by trying to carry satchel, hat and cane, finally puts hat on, makes low bow, and struts out R.;* FIRST LITTLE GIRL, *carrying doll, runs off L.*

SECOND LITTLE GIRL.—

So Johnny took his hat and cane,
And started for the door,
And such a Doctor-man is he
That when the clock strikes four,
Miss Dolly in her carriage
All dressed in silks and lace,
Will beat his new velocipede,
When it comes out to race.

THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

For Seven Boys.

By Minna C. Smith. (From "Ten Dialogues in Rhyme for Primary Schools.")

SUGGESTIONS.

Boys should stand with the left side to the audience, after reciting their verses facing audience, and the engine-boy should carry in his right hand a bell. The last stanza should be recited in a shout by three boys, while three others produce a loud "ch-ch-ch-ch!" and the seventh a prolonged and continuous "Sh!" Let the engine-boy swing the bell slowly to the count of one-two-pause. At the close let the engine give a start forward, and the cars come up with a jerk behind. Repeat this, and then let the train move off steadily, keeping up the various sounds that accompany its starting.

Enter First Boy *L.*

First Boy.—

One is the engine, large and grand,
That waits for the engineer's command;
One is the engine, shining and fine,
That stands at the head of the cars in line.

(*Goes to right of C. and stands as directed above.*)

Enter Second Boy *L.*

Second Boy.—

Two is the baggage car, ready to go,
Watched by the baggagemen all in a row;
Two is the baggage car, solid and strong,
That carries the trunks and valises along.

(*Stands behind* First Boy.)

Enter Third Boy *L.*

Third Boy.—

Three is the express car, with double locks,
Send what you please in a parcel or box,
Three's the express car, yellow or brown,
That carries the money from town to town.

(*Stands behind* Second Boy.)

Enter FOURTH BOY *L.*

FOURTH BOY.—

Four is the postal-car; letters are here,
Written by friends to friends who are dear!
Four is the postal-car, open to all,
That carries the letters for great and small.

(*Takes place behind* THIRD BOY.)

Enter FIFTH BOY *L.*

FIFTH BOY.—

Five is a passenger-car just made,
Upholstered in plush of the latest shade;
Five is a passenger-car, so gay,
That carries the people who ride by day.

(*Takes place behind* FOURTH BOY.)

Enter SIXTH BOY *L.*

SIXTH BOY.—

Six is the sleeping-car, pleasant sight,
In comfort and peace you may ride all night;
Six is a sleeping-car, gorgeous and bright,
That carries the people who ride by night.

(*Stands behind* FIFTH BOY.)

Enter SEVENTH BOY *L.*

SEVENTH BOY.—

Seven is a dining-car, charming and cool,
With tables and chairs and a vestibule;
Seven's a dining-car, large and neat,
That carries the people who travel and eat.

(*Stands behind* SIXTH BOY.)

ALL (*together*).—

This is the train all ready to go,
That works for all of the world you know,
That goes as fast as a bird with wings,
Clear the track! Clear the track! When the loud bell rings.

THE FAIRY DANCE.

An Exercise for Several Little Girls.

(Adapted from "The Fairy Queen" of "Percy's Reliques.")

COSTUMES.

Airy white dresses for all; hair flowing; Queen Mab wears crown made of gilt paper and carries a golden wand, made by covering with gilding paint an ordinary slender stick.

SUGGESTIONS.

Although the number of little girls taking part in this exercise must be governed by the size of the stage, lines are arranged for only four speakers. Should the teacher prefer to do so, however, she may give to each child a couplet only, thus allowing for eight speakers.

They all march in, Queen Mab *leading.*

Queen Mab.—

Come, follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green,
Come follow Mab, your queen.

(*She stands in center of stage; others join hands and circle around her.*)

All.—

Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground. (*Repeat.*)

(*Lively music; they all dance around* Queen Mab. *If there is no dancing teacher available to teach children fancy steps, they may trip around, keeping time to music. After they have circled around three times,* Queen Mab *touches with her wand the one who is to be* First Speaker. *All stand.*)

First Speaker.—

When mortals are at rest
And snoring in their nest
Unheard and unspied,
Through keyholes we do glide.

ALL (*together*).—

Over tables, stools and shelves
We trip it with our fairy elves. (*Repeat.*)

(*Music and dancing as before, until* QUEEN MAB *touches* SECOND SPEAKER. *All stand.*)

SECOND SPEAKER.—

Upon a mushroom's head
Our tablecloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat,
Is mon chet,* which we eat.

ALL (*together*).—

Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups filled to the brink. (*Repeat.*)

(*Music and dancing as before, until* QUEEN MAB *designates* THIRD SPEAKER. *Foregoing "business" is repeated.*)

THIRD SPEAKER.—

The grasshopper, gnat and fly
Keep their gentle music nigh;
When grace is said, we dance a while,
And so the merry time beguile.

ALL (*together*).—

And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glowworm lights us home to bed.
(*Repeat.*)

(*Music, etc., as before.*)

FOURTH SPEAKER.—

On tops of dewy grass,
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk.

ALL (*together*).—

Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

*Fine white bread.

(*Music and dancing as before, but when they have danced around three times the ring opens,* QUEEN MAB *marches out, they all fall in line behind her, march around the stage once or twice* (*according to size of stage and number of performers*) *and repeat until exit the following couplet.*)

ALL.—

But if the moon doth hide her head
The glowworm lights us home to bed.

CURTAIN.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR LITTLE GIRLS.

COSTUMES.

WINTER, long loose white dress, with bunches of white cotton batting sewed on at intervals to represent snow; hair flowing and heavily powdered. SPRING, thin flowing dress of green, decorations of any early spring flowers. SUMMER, airy dress of white, decorated with roses or other summer flowers. AUTUMN, loose dress of dark brown, with trimmings of gold and scarlet wreath and decorations of autumn leaves and golden rod. May carry apples and nuts.

Enter WINTER *R., comes to F. C.*

WINTER.—

I am Winter, and ice and snow
Always follow where'er I go.

(*Moves to L. of stage far enough to make room for the other three.*)

Enter SPRING *R., takes her place beside* WINTER.

SPRING.—

I am the Spring, and when I am seen
The bare brown fields grow bright and green.

Enter SUMMER *R., takes place beside* SPRING.

SUMMER.—

I am the Summer, blithest of all;
Flowers spring up where my footsteps fall.

Enter AUTUMN *R., takes place beside* SUMMER.

AUTUMN.—

I am Autumn, and woods grow brown,
Apples and nuts come dropping down.

ALL (*together*).—

Winter and Summer, Autumn and Spring,
We are the seasons each year must bring.

WINTER.—

So round and round I whirling go,
For three white months, like a ball of snow.

(*Whirls around three times on one toe.*)

SPRING.—

Then the snowflakes melt and a tender green
On every hill and valley is seen.

(*Repeats business of foregoing.*)

SUMMER.—

Greener and greener, for summer is coming,
Birds are singing and bees are humming.

(*Repeats business of foregoing.*)

AUTUMN.—

And then as the year grows slowly old,
He robes himself in scarlet and gold.

(*Repeats business of foregoing. The four now turn with their sides to the audience, facing L.,* WINTER *leading, and march once or twice around the stage, according to its size.*)

ALL.—

Winter and Summer, Autumn and Spring,
We are the seasons each year must bring.

(*Come to C. and tableau. Music.*)

CURTAIN.

OH, DEAR ME.

By Marion Douglas. (Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Slightly adapted.)

SUGGESTIONS.

This dialogue may be given by two boys or two girls, or by a boy and a girl.

Any neat costumes may be worn.

The speakers are discovered standing at *F. C.*, or they may enter from different sides and meet at *F. C.*

FIRST SPEAKER.—

Oh, if I were a humming-bird,

SECOND SPEAKER.—

And I a honey-bee,

BOTH.—

We'd go into the garden now
The pretty flowers to see.

SECOND SPEAKER.—

And I would make a buzzing,

FIRST SPEAKER.—

And I would make a humming,

BOTH.—

So all the lovely blossoms
Could know that we were coming.

FIRST SPEAKER.—

And they would all put on their best,
Pink, yellow, white and blue,
And ready stand to welcome us
With cups of honey dew.
I'd flutter round the trumpet-vine,
And set the bluebells ringing.

SECOND SPEAKER.—

While I'd rock in a brier-rose,
Or on a pink be swinging,
Or hidden in a holly-hock,

A jolly little fellow,
I'd roll me in the flowery dust,
And be all covered yellow.

FIRST SPEAKER.—

But I am not a humming-bird,

SECOND SPEAKER.—

Nor I a honey-bee,

BOTH.—

And it's no use to wish we were;
Oh, dear me!

CURTAIN.

PART IV.

For Special Occasions.

THE TREE ASSEMBLY.

ARBOR DAY EXERCISE FOR BOYS.

(Arranged and slightly adapted by Clara J. Denton.)

CHARACTERS.

FARMER,	PINE,	HEMLOCK,	HOLLY,
WILLOW,	ELM,	MAPLE,	APPLE,
PEAR,	LINDEN,	PALM,	OAK,
MAGNOLIA,	TULIP TREE,	MULBERRY,	ORANGE.

COSTUMES.

The TREES wear plain dark suits (old ones should be used), with the leaves of the represented tree—either natural or artificial—sewed upon them. They should wear russet shoes and brown stockings. The FARMER wears blue overalls, gingham shirt, wide straw hat, heavy shoes and neither coat nor vest.

SUGGESTIONS.

The teacher may omit any of the selections, if she desires to shorten the exercise. She will use her judgment in assigning simplest and shortest selections to the youngest pupils. Let FARMER be a strong, robust-looking boy.

The pupils should make their entrances on alternate sides of stage. Thus, if PINE TREE comes in *L.*, HEMLOCK will enter *R.* The entrances are not designated, lest confusion might arise if any of the selections were omitted. Each pupil comes to *F. C.* to recite his lines; when the first TREE has finished speaking he retires to *B. C.* in a line with the FARMER. The speakers form on his right until half the number are placed; the remainder then form on the

left of the first speaker. When all are placed they will form a half circle around the FARMER.

The speakers must make their entrances so promptly that while one is passing to rear of stage another is moving forward to *F. C.* Lively music while passing to places.

Lively music. Enter FARMER *R., wheeling a barrow of earth; on top lies a spade. He comes to C., puts down barrow, takes up spade and places his foot upon it as if to dig in the earth.* PINE *enters and music ceases.*

PINE.—

Like a cathedral tower, the stately pine
Uplifts his fretted summit tipped with cones.
—*Longfellow.*

HEMLOCK.—

The hemlock tree, the hemlock tree,
How faithful are my branches;
Green not alone in summer-time,
But in the winter's frost and rime,
The hemlock tree, the hemlock tree,
How faithful are my branches.
—*Longfellow.*

HOLLY.—

When the bare and wintry woods you see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?
—*Southey.*

WILLOW.—

The willow hangs with sheltering grace
And benediction o'er the sod,
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul
They rest in God. —*Crammond Kennedy.*

ELM.—

Far in forest deeps unseen,
The topmost elm tree gathers green
From draughts of balmy air.
—*Tennyson.*

MAPLE.—

A day of delight and wonder
While lying the shades of the maple tree under.
—*Thos. Dunn English.*

APPLE.—

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowering springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row it pours
Its fragrance through the open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree. —*Bryant.*

PEAR.—

The ancient pear tree that with springtime bursts
Into such breadth of bloom. —*Bryant.*

LINDEN.—

If thou lookest on the linden
Thou a heart's form will discover;
Therefore are the lindens ever
Chosen seats of each fond lover.
—*Heine.*

OAK.—

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown, to my broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in my frown, when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out,
And I show my might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through my branches shout.
—*H. F. Chorley.*

MAGNOLIA.—

Fragrant o'er all the western groves,
The tall magnolia towers unshaded.
—*Maria Brooks.*

TULIP TREE.—

The tulip tree, high up,
Opens in airs of June its multitude
Of golden chalices to humming-birds,
And silvern-winged insects of the sky.
—*Bryant.*

MULBERRY.—

For the best grows highest, always highest,
Upon the mulberry tree. —*D. M. Mulock.*

ORANGE TREE.—

Yes, sing the song of the orange-tree,
With its leaves of velvet green,
With its luscious fruit of sunset hue,
The fairest that ever were seen.
—*J. K. Hoyt.*

PALM.—

The palm-tree standeth so straight and tall,
The more the hail beats and the more the rain falls.
—*Longfellow.*

(*As soon as the* PALM TREE *has reached his proper position, the* FARMER *drops his spade and comes to F. C., where he recites the following poem.*)

FARMER.—

THE HEART OF A TREE.

By H. C. Bunner. (From the "Century.")

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of sun and sky,
He plants the flag of breezes free,
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh;
For song and mother croon of bird,
In hushed and happy twilight heard,
The treble of heaven's harmony,
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage,
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see,
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty—
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessing on the neighborhood,
Who, in the hollow of his hand,
Holds all the growth of all our land,—
A nation's growth, from sea to sea,
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

(*Music, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," if possible. The* TREES *march around the stage,* PALM TREE *leading, followed by the* FARMER, *wheeling his barrow. They may march around the stage two or three times, according to size of stage. Exeunt omnes,* PALM TREE *leading and* FARMER *bringing up the rear.*)

CURTAIN.

AT DAME NATURE'S FEET.

A FLOWER DAY EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

Arranged by Clara J. Denton.

CHARACTERS.

DAME NATURE,	ARBUTUS,	DAFFODIL,
VIOLET,	TULIP,	BUTTERCUP,
DANDELION,	COLUMBINE,	DAISY,
PRIMROSE,	GRASS,	PANSY,
GOLDENROD,	WHITE CLOVER,	LILY,
PINK,	WATER LILY,	ROSE,
EGLANTINE,	ROSEMARY,	SUNFLOWER,
CLEMATIS,	IVY,	LICHEN,
MARIGOLD,	POPPY,	ASTOR,

STRAWBERRY BLOSSOM.

COSTUMES.

For DAME NATURE, a loose, flowing robe of brown, decorated with green vines and leaves; these may be cut from green cambric,

and tacked on with green thread, or fastened with mucilage. Hair flowing and decorated with a crown of green leaves. FLOWERS, airy white dresses, with decorations of the flowers represented, arranged according to taste. A bouquet of the flowers should also be carried. These may be either natural or artificial, according to the wishes and opportunities of the performers.

SUGGESTIONS.

In assigning the parts the teacher will have the taller girls represent the tall flowers, and give the short and simple selections to the very youngest speakers.

DAME NATURE discovered seated upon a large chair, decorated with green, and placed in the center of a square dais, which stands toward the back part of stage. As each speaker finishes her lines she lays her flowers on the dais, in front of DAME NATURE, and takes her place beside the dais. As she ceases speaking, the next FLOWER enters and comes to *F. C.* The first speaker must take her position in a way to leave room for those who are to follow. As the lines of each part are independent of all the others, the teacher may, if she prefers, omit some of the FLOWERS from the exercise. The movements for the FLOWERS will not again be given. A pleasing variety may be secured by causing the FLOWERS to enter on different sides of the stage, first right, then left. No marks have been assigned, as in case some of the FLOWERS are omitted confusion might result.

ARBUTUS.—

A shy little Mayflower, I weave my nest,
But the south wind sighs o'er the fragrant loam,
And betrays the path to my woodland home.
—*Sarah Helen Whitman.*

DAFFODIL.—

A daffodil
That comes before the swallow dares, and takes
The winds of March with beauty. —*Shakespeare.*

VIOLET.—

Stars will blossom in the darkness,
Violets bloom beneath the snow.
—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

TULIP.—

The tulip's petals shine in dew,
All beautiful, but none alike.
—*Montgomery.*

BUTTERCUP.—

The buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,
Hold up their chalices of gold
To catch the sunshine and the dew.
—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

DANDELION.—

The dandelion, a common flower that grows beside the way,
Fringing the dusty roadside with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May. —*Lowell.*

COLUMBINE.—

Columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.
—*Bryant.*

DAISY.—

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
My humble buds unheeded rise,
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies. —*Montgomery.*

PRIMROSE.—

The evening primroses
O'er which the wind may hover till it dozes.
—*Keats.*

GRASS.—

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.
—*Sarah Roberts.*

PANSY.—

Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright and cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve moons together,
The little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.
—*Mary E. Bradley.*

STRAWBERRY BLOSSOM.—

When the fields are sweet with clover,
And the woods are glad with song,
When the brooks are running over,
And the days are bright and long,
Then, from every nook and bower
Peeps the dainty strawberry flower.

—*Dora Read Goodale.*

WHITE CLOVER.—

The cricket pipes his song again,
The cows are waiting in the lane,
And silent is the whip-poor-will;
But through the summer twilight still
You smell the milk-white clover.

—*Dora Read Goodale.*

LILY.—

Look to the lilies how they grow,
'Twas thus the Savior said that we,
Even in the simplest flowers that blow,
God's ever watchful care might see.

—*More.*

PINK.—

The pink in truth you shall not slight,
It is the gardener's pride. —*Goethe.*

WATER LILY.—

The lily creeps from the cold damp mould
And floats on the lake's calm breast.

—*Elaine Goodale.*

ROSE.—

What would the rose with all her pride be worth
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?

—*Tom Moore.*

EGLANTINE.—

Wild rose, sweet brier, eglantine,
All these pretty names are mine,
And scent in every leaf is mine,
And a leaf for all is mine,
And the scent—oh, that's divine.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

ROSEMARY.—

The humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed,
To scent the desert and the dead.
—*Tom Moore.*

SUNFLOWER.—

Though fixed on earth, in darkness rooted there,
Light is my element, my dwelling air,
My prospect, heaven. —*Montgomery.*

CLEMATIS.—

Where the woodland streamlets flow,
Gushing down a rocky bed,
Where the tasselled alders grow,
Lightly meeting overhead,
When the fullest August days
Give the richness that they know,
Then the wild clematis comes,
With her wealth of tangled blooms,
Reaching up and drooping low.
—*Dora Read Goodale.*

IVY.—

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green,
Creeping on where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.
—*Charles Dickens.*

LICHEN.—

Little lichen fondly clinging
In the wildwood to the tree;
Covering all unseemly places,
Hiding all my tender graces;
Ever dwelling in the shade,
Never seeing sunny glade. —*R. M. E.*

MARIGOLD.—

The sun-observing marigold.
—*Quarles.*

POPPY.—

The poppy hath a charm for pain and woe.
—*Mary A. Barr.*

ASTER.—

And still beside the shadowy glen
The aster holds the color of the skies.
—*Dora Read Goodale.*

GOLDENROD.—

In the pasture's rude embrace,
All o'errun with tangled vines,
Where the thistle claims its place,
And the straggling hedge confines,
Bearing still the sweet impress
Of unfettered loveliness,
In the field and by the wall,
Binding, clasping, crowning all,
Goldenrod.—*Elaine Goodale.*

DAME NATURE (*rising*).—

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all;
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night;
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth,

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for Him.

—*Mary Howitt.*

(*Music.* DAME NATURE *descends from the dais, and coming to C., stands with her side toward the audience, the* FLOWERS *form behind in the order of their entrance, they march around the stage once or twice, according to taste, and exeunt omnes.*)

CURTAIN.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

By Clifton Johnson. (Used by permission of "The Outlook.")

CHARACTERS.

SANTA CLAUS.
TOMMY, SEVEN YEARS OLD, FREDDY, NINE YEARS OLD.

COSTUMES.

SANTA CLAUS, usual costume; TOMMY and FREDDY, ordinary boys' suits.

PROPERTIES.

Small bed neatly made up, small bureau, lamp, alarm clock, two chairs, shoes and ragged stockings (two pairs each), number of boys' summer waists and other wearing apparel for small boys, quantity of string and an assortment of small articles such as are found in a boy's pocket, placards with the boys' names printed on in large, irregular letters, canvas sock stuffed full, also contains several paper parcels.

SCENE.—A bedroom; bureau at back of stage, bed in *R.* corner, one chair near it, fireplace in *C.*, chair at *C.*, lamp burning on bureau, alarm clock on chair near bed.

TOMMY *and* FREDDY *discovered,* TOMMY *on his knees before an open bureau drawer, his back to the audience;* TOMMY *pulls clothes out and throws them on the floor.* FREDDY *leans on the bureau, watching him, with his face toward audience. Boys are barefoot, their shoes and stockings in middle of stage.*

TOMMY (*rising and coming to F. C.*). Well, I don't see where Ma put those stockings; they're not there, that's certain sure.

FREDDY (*coming to F. C.; picks up a stocking as he comes down*). We'll have to make the old ones do, then. I don't know what Santa Claus'll think of us for hanging up such old things. See there, now! (*Runs his arm into the long stocking, and his fingers come out sprawling through a hole at the other end.*)

T. The presents 'll all run through and tumble out at the bottom. Here, you stop that, Freddy; you're making the hole bigger.

F. We'll have to tie up that hole to make it any good. Got any string, Tommy?

T. I guess so. (*Pulls out a great variety of small articles and lays them on the chair.*) Yes, there's some. Now, you hold the stocking and I'll tie it up.

F. (*while they do the tying*). See here, Tommy, what do you say to staying awake and catching old Santa Claus at it.

T. I don't believe we could do it. He doesn't come till twelve o'clock, and we'd get to sleep before then, if we were to do the best we knew how.

F. I tell you how we can fix it. There's the alarm clock. Just set that for twelve, and that'll bring our eyes open in no time. We'll turn the light down and go to bed with our clothes on, and be all ready to pop out on him, you know.

T. Good for you, Freddy! That's just the thing. Here, you stick up the stockings and pin the signs on 'em, and I'll wind the old alarm. (FREDDY *hangs the stockings on two nails over the fireplace, and pins on each a printed placard;* TOMMY *winds the alarm. Soft music during this "business."*)

F. (*going toward bed*). But, Tommy, see here; what are we going to do with Santa Claus when we catch him?

T. (*unbuttoning jacket and removing it*). That's so;

I hadn't thought of that. We'll have to make some sort of an excuse, 'cause he might get mad.

F. (*removing jacket*). I have it! We just want to find out if there really is a Santa Claus. We'll tell him what Sammy Tompkins said (*use correct name of schoolmate*), and he'll say we did just right.

T. That's so, I guess he will. Well, turn down the lamp (*stage darkens*), and then we'll turn in. (*They jump into bed and pull the clothes over them.*) Now, let's see who'll snore first. (*Both imitate snoring; they laugh a little, kick about, and quiet into sleep. Soft music during this "business."*)

Enter SANTA CLAUS *L.; comes down softly. If it can be arranged so that he can come down the chimney and out at an open fireplace, so much the better.*

SANTA CLAUS. All right. Everything quiet. Well, well! Stockings all labeled. That's thoughtful. Don't need my spectacles to read this lettering. (*Soft music. Puts down the sack near the stockings and fills them both with the paper parcels. Just as he finishes the alarm goes off. This can be arranged to come in properly by having someone behind scenes set off an alarm clock at right moment. Tumbles in great fright to the floor, with face to audience, his back to the bed.*) Great St. Peter's cats! What was that? In all the ten thousand years, more or less, that I have traveled up and down this old world, I've never heard anything like that. Must have been a new invention or an earthquake. (*Looks about fearfully, gasps and sighs. The moment the alarm went off the boys sat upright in bed and peered over toward the fireplace.*)

T. (*in a whisper*). There he is!

F. (*whispers*). Yes, there he is!

T. (*whispers*). He acts kind o' scared.

F. (*whispers*). Now's our time. (*They jump across the floor and grab* SANTA CLAUS *by the shoulders.*)

TOGETHER. There, now, we've got you!

S. C. Don't, don't, now! Hold on, hold on!

T. Yes, we'll hold on; we've got you.

S. C. (*shaking himself loose from them and getting up*). Well, now, what are you boys after, anyway? What was that noise I heard? (*Both boys hang on to* SANTA CLAUS' *hands.*)

F. Oh, that was nothing. Just one of those little alarm clocks we keep to wake us up.

S. C. Oh, was that all? I thought the earth had cracked and was going to pieces. But what's got into you boys to come pitching onto me in the way you did?

T. Well, we just wanted to know if there really is a Santa Claus or not, that's all. Sammy Tompkins said there wasn't, but we knew there was.

S. C. Of course there is. Don't you see all those things I've put in your stockings? And wait until you see the loaded tree downstairs. But now, boys, let me wish you a Merry Christmas. (*Gives a hand to each, and they stand one on each side of him.*) And I wish you all, also, a Merry Christmas. (*Bows and smiles to the audience. Tableau. Music.*)

CURTAIN.

OH, WHAT A SELL!

A CHRISTMAS DIALOGUE.

By Clara J. Denton. (Used by permission of the publishers of "Sunshine.")

CHARACTERS.

JACK FROST,	TITANIA,	OLD WITCH,
MAN-IN-THE-MOON,	SAND MAN,	SANTA CLAUS,
	PUCK.	

COSTUMES.

The costumes for this dialogue may be elaborate or simple, or they may be omitted altogether, according to the wishes and opportunities of the performers. The following suggestions as to dress are offered:

JACK FROST, a tight-fitting suit of pale gray Canton flannel, slippers of the same material, gray fur around the ankles, wrists, waist and neck. A white wig should be worn. OLD WITCH, short dress of dark stuff, long red cloak, hair flowing, tall pointed hat of red

or black cambric. She must carry an old broom. If the hair of the performer is heavy, the most of it should be tucked up under the hat, thus giving the appearance of thin straggling locks. SAND MAN, long gray cloak, a bag of sand hung across his breast, from which he occasionally takes a handful of white sand and sprinkles in the air, white wig, and gray slouched hat. PUCK; this character should be much smaller than the others. The dress may be either a tight-fitting suit of green, with cap to match, or of black, fancifully trimmed with ferns and leaves cut from green cloth. Small bells fastened to the cap will add much to the effect. TITANIA, short white dress, hair flowing, large wings. These may be made of wire and covered with gauze or gilt paper. A crown made of pasteboard and gilt paper should be worn, and a long gilded wand carried in the hand. MAN-IN-THE-MOON, long, dark blue cloak, decorated with crescents and disks cut from gilt paper, hat of same material and decoration, black silk mask and gloves. SANTA CLAUS, usual costume.

SCENE.—A forest. (This may be simulated by spreading green cloth over the stage and setting up evergreen trees at convenient intervals.)

Enter JACK FROST *R.; he carries outspread before him a large handbill, his eyes fixed upon it, as he comes slowly to F. C. When he reaches F. C. he looks up and speaks.*

JACK FROST. This is, indeed, a new move. Sell out! Well, well! I have often envied him his privileges, and now's my time to possess them. Let me see. (*Consults paper again.*)

Enter WITCH *L., comes to F. C.*

WITCH. Well, sir, have you heard the news?

J. F. (*concealing the handbill quickly behind him*). News? What news? Have you discovered a new species of cobweb in the sky?

W. (*crossly*). Yes, indeed, a dozen of them that are new to an ignoramus like you. But that isn't what I mean. The great news that I refer to is the sale.

J. F. (*reluctantly*). Oh, the sale?

W. (*sarcastically*). Yes, the sale! (*The other characters, except* SANTA CLAUS, *come running in R., and taking up her words repeat loudly over and over to each other,* The sale, the sale, the sale. Yes, the sale, the sale. *They should clap their hands and dance up and down the stage.*)

J. F. (*walking up to them and brandishing his arms about threateningly*). What do you know about it? You don't fancy any of *you* are fit to buy him out, do you? (*He points to each one separately, repeating in a sarcastic tone*, Are you, or you, or you? *The* WITCH *stands apart watching them.* JACK FROST, *as he puts the last question, returns again to F. C.*)

SAND MAN (*running up close to* JACK FROST). Buy whom out?

PUCK (*repeating "business" of* SAND MAN). Buy whom out?

TITANIA (*repeating previous "business"*). Buy whom out?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON (*as the others*). Buy whom out? (*The foregoing action must be very rapid.*)

J. F. (*throwing up his hands frantically*). Why, don't you know?

ALL (*shake heads vigorously*). No, no, no.

J. F. (*crumpling up the handbill and thrusting it into his bosom*). Then I'll not tell you. (*Exit running R.*)

ALL (*gathering around the old* WITCH). Buy whom out? What does he mean? (*After a few seconds of this clamor the* WITCH *raises her broom threateningly and they instantly cease their din.*)

W. Surely you must know. Didn't you all come in screaming about the sale?

T. (*disappointed*). I thought you meant a sail on the ocean.

S. M. (*crossly*). I thought you meant a sail to "Dreamland."

P. (*pouting*). I thought you meant a sail in the air.

M.-I.-T.-M. (*crossly*). I thought you meant a sail on a cloud.

W. Well, you are all wrong. We were talking about the sale of old Santa Claus.

T. Why, what in the world can he sail on?

W. (*striking floor with broom handle*). What a stupid lot you are. It isn't that kind of a sail at all. It is s-a-l-e.

ALL (*turning away in disgust*). Oh— - - —

M.-I.-T.-M. So poor old Santa is to be sold? Well, I'd like to buy him. I'm often dreadful lonesome up there in the moon; that is why I sometimes come down too soon.

W. (*choking with laughter*). Oh,-well,-I-fancy-if-you-should-get-him-up there, you'd come-down sooner-than ever—ha, ha, ha!

Enter JACK FROST *R. while she laughs.*

J. F. (*coming to C.*). What in the world is going on? You seem to be immensely pleased, old Witch?

W. (*still laughing*). The Man-in-the-Moon thinks he'll take old Santa Claus home to cheer his lonely hours.

J. F. (*laughing also*). Oh, well, he'll cheer you. Yes, indeed. But how are you going to get him?

M.-I.-T.-M. Buy him, of course.

T., P. and S. M. (*jumping about and clapping their hands*). Yes, buy him, of course, buy him, of course, or buy him fine, since he isn't coarse. (*This "business" repeated three times.*)

W. (*striking angrily with her broom handle; all stand quiet.*) What a wild lot you are!

J. F. (*scornfully*). Yes, and what a wild idea. Santa Claus isn't for sale. How could he be? No one owns him.

P. (*angrily*). I am sure you said he was for sale. I wish you'd be done with your puzzles; they're worse than anagrams.

S. M. Who is Annie Gram? I don't know her. I know Annie Versary, though.

T. Be still, every one of you. Tell me, now, Jack Frost, is old Santa Claus for sale, or isn't he?

J. F. (*scornfully*). Of course *he* isn't for sale, but his real estate is, and "all appurtenances thereunto belonging," you know. But you needn't feel at all interested, for there's no chance for you. (*Haughtily.*) *I* shall buy him out.

ALL (*running up to him and pointing at him*). *You* buy him out? (*Loud and prolonged laughter.*)

T. How silly of you, Jack Frost. It is plain enough that I am the only person fit to take old Santa's business.

ALL (*including* JACK FROST, *pointing at her*). *You* take his business? (*Loud and prolonged laughter.*)

S. M. I shall buy him out. It is the very thing for me. I am so accustomed to putting the children to sleep. I can easily buy him out; pay him in sand. (*Throws sand about.*)

ALL (*pointing at him*). YOU! Pay him in sand? (*Laughter as before.*)

W. You are a lot of ninnies. Can't you see, it's just the thing for me? I'm used to skimming through the air. I'll buy him out.

ALL (*pointing at her*). YOU buy him out? YOU skim the air? (*Laughter as before.*)

M.-I.-T.-M. Oh, but it would be fine for me. I've long wanted to change my business.

ALL (*pointing at him*). YOU change your business? (*Laughter as before. These concert parts must be done with great spirit, putting scornful emphasis on each "you."*)

P. (*strutting about*). Oh, how blind you all are not to see that *I* am the only one fitted to step into old Santa's shoes.

Enter SANTA CLAUS *L., in an excited, angry manner.*

SANTA CLAUS (*coming down*). Step into *Santa Claus'* shoes? Who's going to? (*Strides to C.*) Who's plotting to? Just let me get my eye on him.

J. F. (*going up to him*). Don't be angry, dear old Santa. We were only talking about buying you out, you know.

S. C. (*in great rage*). Buying me out? Buying me out? Who dares talk of anything so outrageous? (*Crosses over and back. All start back with frightened faces, and all, except* JACK FROST, *retire up C. with subdued murmurs, and whisper together in a group.*)

J. F. (*showing handbill to* SANTA CLAUS). But see, here is this handbill advertising your sale. (SANTA

CLAUS *snatches handbill, tears it in two, throws it on the floor and stamps upon it. At sound of the tearing paper, the other characters cautiously approach* SANTA CLAUS.)

S. C. That atrocious insult must have been gotten up by my old enemy, the chimney sweep.

T. (*in a stage whisper over* SANTA CLAUS' *shoulder*). It was Jack Frost himself. (SANTA CLAUS *turns angrily upon* JACK FROST.)

J. F. (*in a stage whisper*). It was the Old Witch. (SANTA CLAUS *darts furiously at* OLD WITCH.)

W. (*in a stage whisper*). It was Puck. (SANTA CLAUS *rushes at* PUCK.)

P. (*in a stage whisper*). It was the Man-in-the-Moon. (SANTA CLAUS *flies at the* MAN-IN-THE-MOON.)

M.-I.-T.-M. (*in a stage whisper*). It was the Sand Man. (SANTA CLAUS, *who is all this while growing angrier, makes a furious lunge at the* SAND MAN.)

S. M. (*in a stage whisper*). It was Titania. (*These parts must all be performed with great energy and swiftness.*)

S. C. (*rushes at* TITANIA, *snatches her wand and brandishes it in the air*). You are a pack of rogues. I can't believe one of you. Be off now—clear out. (*He chases them off the stage L., amid their loud exclamations and his cries of "get out," "be off," etc., etc. Returning to F. C., panting and puffing.*) Sell out, indeed! Sell out! Humph! (*Wipes his face with an immense red handkerchief.*) Sell out, and on Christmas eve, too, just as the whole world is waiting for me! What under the sun were the rascals thinking of? Perhaps they thought they could make me believe that I had advertised the sale, and so would let them have their own way. They must have thought the old man is getting childish. I wonder what they think about it now? (*Laughing.*) Sell out, indeed! Oh, what a sell! Yes, what a sell! The best I ever heard of. (*Looks around smiling and takes a pinch of snuff, after which he has an attack of sneezing.*)

CURTAIN.

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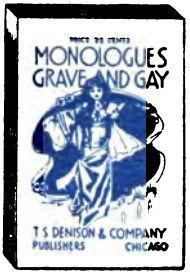
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Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min.	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min.	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.		1
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